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The BYSTANDER.

Art, Literature & the Drama.

No. 158.—Vol. XII. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, December 12, 1906 [Price, 6d. By Post, 6½d.

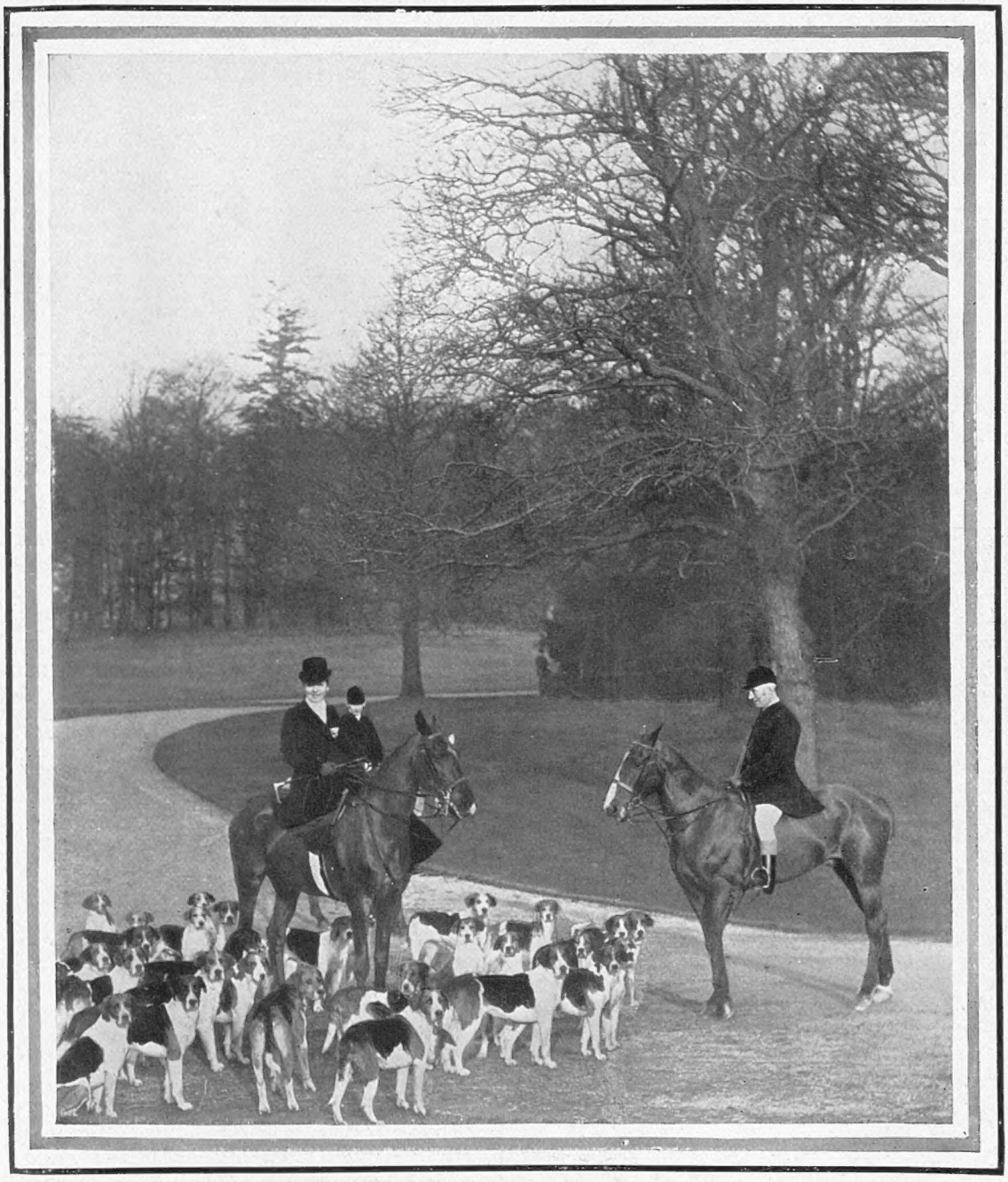

Photo *Elliott and Fry*

The Duchess of Newcastle

With the hounds at Clumber. The Duchess takes a keen interest in hunting, and is well known as a breeder and judge of Borzois

No. 158.—Vol. XII.

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The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from readers, but all such must be accompanied by the necessary stamps for return, if unsuitable, and all MSS., photographs, and drawings must bear the name and address of the sender. If stamps are not enclosed they will be destroyed. Liberal payment is made on publication for all accepted matter. Short satirical and witty sketches, not exceeding 1,000 words, will be considered, but no fiction unless it can be included in our "Worldly" Series, and readers are, therefore, begged to study these stories before submitting MSS. Articles (with photographs) of events on the Continent and in the Colonies are immediately considered. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters, etc., should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. The Telephone No. is 471 Holborn. Although every effort is made to deal with contributions promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions.

Amusements

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New Grand Ballet.
MLLE. ADELINE GENEE, Première Danseuse.
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BOOKS RECEIVED

"The Life of Shelley." By T. J. Hogg. (Routledge.)

"Sea Songs and Ballads." By Christopher Stone. (Frowde: 2*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"Songs to Desideria, and Other Poems." By Stephen Coleridge. (John Lane: 3*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"Echoes from Kottabos." By R. Y. Tyrrell and Sir E. Sullivan. (Grant Richards: 7*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"Ten Years of Motors and Motor Racing." By Charles Jarrott. (Grant Richards: 12*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"Father Felix's Chronicles." By Nora Chesson. (Fisher Unwin: 6*s.*)

"After the Fault." By Robert H. Sherard. (Sisleys: 6*s.*)

"Maxims of a Queen." By Una Birch. (John Lane: 1*s.* net.)

"A History of Ten Years of Automobilism." By Lord Montagu. (*The Car Illustrated:* 2*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"Towards the Light." By Dorothea Price Hughes. (Hodder and Stoughton: 6*s.*)

"Andrew Goodfellow." By Helena H. Watson. (Macmillan: 6*s.*)

"Rainbows and Witches." By W. H. Ogilvie. (Elkin Matthews: 1*s.* net.)

"New Poems." By W. H. Davies. (Elkin Matthews: 1*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"The Seven Wayfarers." By Dorothea Hollins. (Elkin Matthews: 2*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"Geraint and Enid." By Lord Tennyson. (Jack: 6*d.*)

"The Scholar Gipsy." By Matthew Arnold. (Jack: 1*s.*)

"Guinevere." By Alfred Lord Tennyson. (Jack: 6*d.*)

"The Magic Whistle." By Frank Nesbit. (Longmans: 2*s.* 6*d.* net.)

IMPORTANT NOTICE

TO

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NOTICE.—Paris Office, 24, Cité Trevise, where all orders for Continental Subscriptions, Advertisements, and Electros should be addressed.

POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom ½*d.* per copy, irrespective of weight. To any other part of the world the rate would be ½*d.* FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH AND STAMP correctly all copies so forwarded.

Bystander Comments

London: Wednesday December 12, 1906

Ministers and the Suffragettes

The *Reader*, last week, had a timely article on "Burns and his Heroines."

* * *

Mr. Churchill, at a recent meeting in Manchester, said that "We have now a West African Empire." The reminder is considered by his followers below the gangway to be in the worst of taste.

* * *

A violent scene occurred the other day in the Lower House of the Reichsrath. There is nothing significant about this, save, of course, the reminder that there *are* degrees of lowness in the Houses of the Austrian Reichsrath.

* * *

Only the least hideous of the accusations hurled at the German Colonial authorities by Herr Bebel in the Reichstag have been published in the British Press. But, then, the charges were not made against the British Colonial authorities.

* * *

Lord Rosebery is quite wrong in thinking that the transference of the Scots Greys from Scotland is due to "Southern influences in the Cabinet." Southerners would be only too glad if the Greys—and other Scots—could be kept in their native land.

* * *

The Times has been turned into a Company. In all conscience, it needed to be limited somehow.

* * *

The opera company in New York which is running in opposition to that in which Caruso is the star, chose, with considerable humour, *I Puritani* as their opening work.

* * *

"Dam Bursts : Sixty People Drowned" announced an evening contemporary. Certainly the bursts would seem to have been serious ones to have such an effect, but the paper need not have qualified them by so strong an adjective.

* * *

The action of the House of Lords in passing the Trades Disputes Bill when the Government had so clearly counted on their rejecting it, was of a piece with the other scandalous malpractices of this antediluvian hereditary Chamber.

* * *

Now that iron and steel are at boom prices, the Admiralty could make quite a nice little business deal by "scrapping" a few more of our battleships.

* * *

Still, the Government are going a step too far with their "economies." The nation has allowed the "scrapping" of twelve battleships; it may permit the contemplated abolition of the coastguard service; but emphatically it will never consent to Mr. Haldane's proposal to replace the Army bugle by the megaphone.

Photo *Knight*

Important Army Reform

Though they have not yet provided the nation with a new Army, the War Office have at least provided it with a new Army cap, the design of which is seen above. Critics think it pretty, and much nicer than the "Brodrick"

* * *

The Thaw trial in America is, appropriately enough, to be postponed until the winter is over. This will do away with all danger of its ending in a frost.

* * *

Though the Soap Trust died a horrible death some weeks since, its ghost, in real Christmas fashion, continues to clank daily down the columns of a contemporary. One is beginning to wish they had not killed it quite so dead.

* * *

From the *Daily Mail* of Nov. 30 :

A novelty in the shape of a gelatine obtained from seaweed, and rejoicing in the name of agar-agar, was mentioned by Mr. Miles.

Agar-agar rejoices, moreover, in being a novelty at least ten years old. May we recommend to our contemporary an excellent little work called the *Harmsworth Encyclopædia?* It can be obtained, we understand, on payment of 1*s.* down and 5*s.* a week for life.

* * *

His Reverence the Professional!

(*Suggested by the frenzied Puritanical outbursts of certain Soccer critics.*)

Round his head a yellow halo, in his hand a book of prayer,
On his lips an apostolic benediction does he wear;
At his feet the can discarded, in his eye the bottled storm—
Oh, behold the modern player with a mission to perform!

Tell me not, ambitious children, that ye shoot with deadly aim—
Tell me not with kick of mettle, skill of dribble ye seek fame!
What avails it, Sons of Soccer, if ye gain the mighty Pot?
Better far that ye should croquet if ye train on whisky hot!

By the wisest is it written that ye swallow too much neat—
That the swagger alcoholic lards the mission of your feet!
Change your ways and learn to thank them that the Halleluiah sang—
Diet ye on milk and lentil! Let the blessed game go hang!

B. M. H.

Muriel and the Moderns

By B. MACDONALD HASTINGS

IV.—THREE LITTLE LOVE AFFAIRS

"Have you ever been in love, Mr. Morony?" Brackenbury suddenly asked. As far as I remember, I sat perfectly still. I know that the hands of the clock pointed to thirty-five minutes past four, and that no seismic disturbance overturned the tea-tray. There are crises in a man's career when he is conscious of everything but self. William the Conqueror would have felt the same emotions if a subaltern had asked him if he knew St. Leonards.

My Own Affair

"I have, and to be perfectly precise, sir, it was in 1874, when your mother was still Miss Sadie Sleeper, of Manhattan, and before the introduction of the flat system into Great Britain. She was a very modest young woman, with very pink nails. She would have created a sensation in a modern drawing-room, not only——"

"Oh, Uncle, did you kiss her?" interrupted Muriel.

"I embraced her first, my dear, I regret to say, surreptitiously, and later on in the presence of her Presbyterian mother, her Irish and intemperate father, and an oleograph of the Prince Consort. The date of the affair stands out very vividly in my memory on account of the trouble the Basutos were giving just then out in South Africa. Emily had a cousin killed in the fighting, and the remembrance of the silky softness of her black shawl and the naïve rake of her *crêpe* bonnet set my temples throbbing even now. In those days a great deal depended on what a woman wore. Now, more attention is paid to what she —to her Paralipomenon. She was full of spirits for all her sweet modesty. A combination of silk, show, and *diablerie*. Sir Charles Forrender once so described her at Brook's. We became engaged. I told her that I loved her above all living creatures, and asked her hand in marriage. Modern couples, I believe, float along until they're talked about, and then clinch matters by getting out insurance policies. I don't think I did anything more earthly than lend her father a thousand pounds."

"Where is she buried, Uncle?" asked Muriel wearily.

"In the haystack of suspicion evolved from the grass of compulsory widowhood. She ran away a week after our betrothal with an imitation emperor—she might have drawn damning deductions from the man's trousers, they were so badly cut—and divorced him to marry a well-connected English angel, who divorced her for—for Deuteronomy or something."

Mr. Brackenbury's Affair

"And now, Mr. Brackenbury," I continued, "may I ask if you have ever been in love?"

"Oh, I say, Morony, don't be a silly ass." I expostulated. Muriel looked disappointed.

"Of course, a chap gets mixed up a bit now and again at dances, and so on. You can't sit and stare at a girl all night, can you?" I shook my head decisively, while Muriel pinched the terrier.

"It don't do a chap any harm either to get bowled now and then, does it?" I said something to the effect that necessity was the mother of invention. The devil was in me.

"I used to be rather sweet on a governess the mater had for the kiddies. She was a nice little run-about, too. But, I say, it's awful rot, y'know." Muriel differed.

"I think it's very interesting, Mr. Brackenbury. Did you—did you take her out for walks?"

"Oh, Lord, no! I'd have got a frightful name if I hadn't been deuced diplomatic. It may lead to anything, you know." I said that I had respect for a man who knew when to stop.

"But where did you stop, Mr. Brackenbury?" Muriel asked.

"Oh, I d'know. Of course, I was only a kid." (Brackenbury is now twenty-three.) "It may seem rot to you, but she was gruesomely gone on me. I used to get a bit pipped at times over it. But she was such a little sport, that I didn't freeze off till I went 'up.' You can't write to a governess from Oxford, y'know."

"Did she cry?" asked Muriel, with eyes blazing.

"Oh, she mooned a bit, I believe, and the mater sacked her for boxing the Guv'nor's ears in the smoke-room. It had to be, y'know." I nodded gravely. It is a long cigar that won't stop burning.

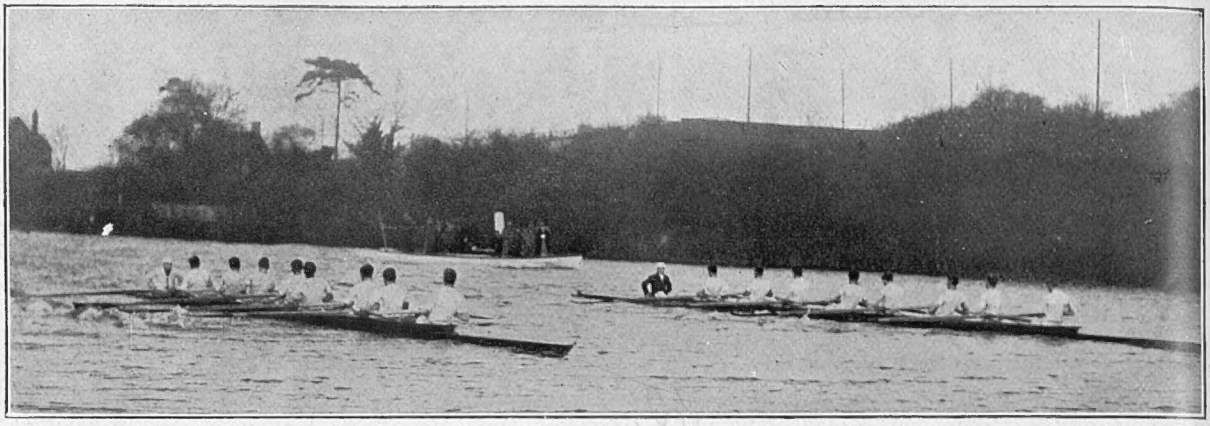
Muriel's Affair

"I, too, have had a little love adventure," presently said Muriel. "Papa did not know anything about it, or he would have stopped my pocket-money. I think he was a poet, because I always paid for tea when we went out together. But he called me 'The Ninth Beatitude,' and as I was only fifteen I had to adore him. He was very thin and very dark, and wore his waistcoats very low. In fact, he resembled nothing so much as a rather badly marked fox-terrier. He was awfully fond of betting, and he used to tell me all about 'starting prices,' and 'stone-blind certs,' and things. At last we agreed to elope. I packed up two of everything, and my picture postcard album in a basket, and crept off to the village station late one night. He was there before me disguised as an apostle with a long white beard. He had all his luggage ready in a big paper bag, and we were dreadfully disappointed to find there was no train to London that night. Of course, we agreed to come earlier the next night, and all would have gone well if his wife hadn't found out and complained to Papa. Eh? Oh, yes, I knew he had a wife, but he quite convinced me that the Ten Commandments were only meant for the French. . . . Has the fog really cleared off? Good-night, Mr. Brackenbury!"

The Topictator

The 'Varsity Trial Eights

OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE HOLD THEIR ANNUAL TRIALS

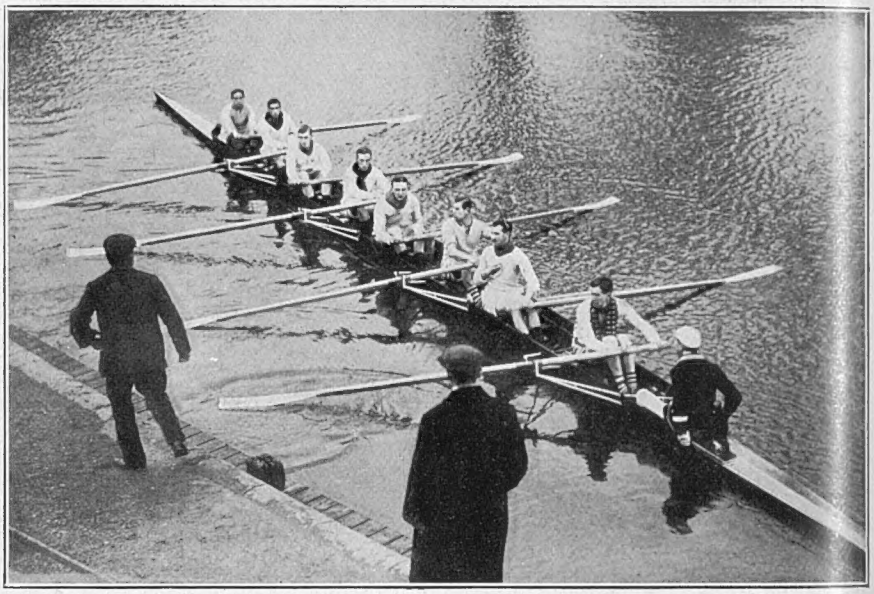


The Oxford Trial Eights: The finish of the race

The annual race for the Trial Eights took place at Moulsford recently between Culme-Seymour's and Chadwyck-Healey's crews, and after an exciting and close race Culme-Seymour's boat won by about 8 ft.

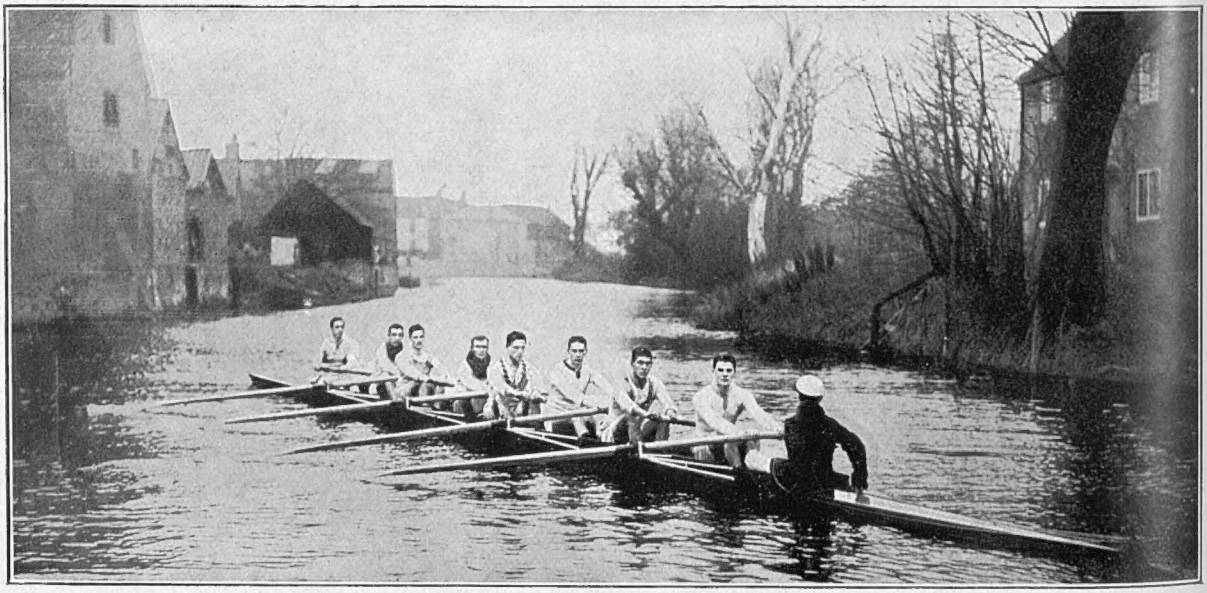
The 'Varsity Trial Eights

It is not always easy to make up two eights that will be exactly evenly matched on the day of the race; but both the 'Varsity trials this year provided excellent racing, without much "in it" between the losers and the winners. In both cases, too, the crews were above the average. In the Cambridge trials at Ely, H. A. Simpson's crew were smartest away, and at one time led P. J. Lewis's crew by a length and a half, and, in the end, won by a length and a quarter. At Moulsford, where the two Oxford crews raced, there was never more than a few feet between the two of them all through. E. V. Culme-Seymour's crew led slightly at the start, and though at the corner D. N. Chadwyck-Healey's crew drew up, and for a while were a little in front, Culme-Seymour managed to hold his own, and, as the result of a desperate race, Seymour's crew won by about 8 ft.



The Cambridge Trial Eights: H. A. Simpson's crew, the winners

The Cambridge Trials were held over the Adelaide course beyond Ely, and from the start Simpson's crew took the lead. They won by a length and a quarter



The Cambridge Trial Eights: P. S. Lewis's crew

Though Simpson's crew got well away, their lead was at one point reduced to half a length, and, but for the fact that they were not over well steered, Lewis's would possibly have drawn level

England v. South Africa: A Drawn Game

A line-out early in the game

At the end of the match the jerseys and "shorts" of the Englishmen were nearly as dark as those of their rivals. The game resulted in a draw of 1 try each

The South Africans coming out on to the field of play

Rain commenced to fall before the start and continued until the finish

To London Town from Babylon
The pageant of the world goes by!
For you, for you, I pause and con
A Stander-By

THE WORLD'S PAGEANT

Lieutenant Collard

So Lieutenant Bernard St. George Collard remains an ornament to His Majesty's Navy; and really it is difficult to understand the state of mind of the man who would have it otherwise. Even had the charge against him of using abusive language been proved—which it was not—it were a pretty poor one on which to dismiss him. Directness of speech has for centuries been rather the proof than the disproof of nautical efficiency, and it is the man who is unable to command it—in other words, the milksop—who is not wanted in the Navy. But Lieutenant Collard was acquitted completely of the charge of being in the habit of thus "forgetting himself." On the contrary, the evidence of his superior officers makes him out to be a model sailor of the very finest known brand. Though his manner was "short and sharp," his orders never, it seems, caused sullenness or resentment. His nine years' record is one of zeal, uprightness, sobriety, and hard work. If the order "On the knee" was misused, it was because the Lieutenant gave it to one man in a punitive sense, whereas it was intended to be used for a body of men as a mere position of drill.

Photo *Russell*

Lieut. Collard (off the knee)

Who was acquitted of the charge brought against him of using abusive language, but reprimanded for an inaccurate order

* * *

"On the Knee!"

For my part, I shall be glad to hear of its abandonment. After all, the best of practices, if liable to be misunderstood, loses half its goodness; and the "On the knee" order is not one of the best of naval orders, nor even one essential to discipline. Though I am glad to congratulate Lieutenant Collard on his practical acquittal, I am expectantly hoping to learn that the Admiralty has decided to modify the somewhat savage sentence passed on Stoker Moody. Conciliation 'twixt officers and men is badly needed after this little affair, and everybody will be pleased if this remaining cause of bitterness is removed.

Photo *Ullyett*

A famous father and son

The late Sir E. J. Reed, K.C.B., of naval renown, and Mr. E. T. Reed, his only son, the famous *Punch* artist

* * *

The Late Sir Edward Reed

Whenever a great man dies, we are struck afresh by the similarity which exists between the recital of his life and that of the lives of other great men. The late Sir Edward Reed, naval constructor, traveller, writer, poet, and politician, was, like so many other illustrious men of our day, self-made. He started life as a dockyard apprentice. He ended it at the very top of the tree, covered with honours and distinctions. Like other men, too, who have won to the front by sheer force of character, he exercised the privilege of changing his mind. He seceded from Liberalism to Toryism, and that at a time when the reverse process was the order of the day, and he lent his support to the Protectionists in the day when everyone was a Free Trader. Many books on naval construction, a volume on Japan, and a book of poems, are the chief fruits of Sir Edward Reed's literary efforts, but he, for a long time, edited the *Mechanic's Magazine*, and he was the father of Mr. E. T. Reed, the famous *Punch* artist, whose photograph, by the side of Sir E. J. Reed, we are enabled to publish.

* * *

Lord Castlereagh

A pleasant form of activity has at last been found for Lord Castlereagh, who, between the whiles of his Parliamentary "duties," will lead the new Junior Imperial and Constitutional League. If this body should be trained with skill and spirit, it might

The Leader of the Young Tories

do for the Tory Party in this, their adversity, what the Eighty Club did for the Liberals in theirs, and, from the depths of my non-Party bosom, I wish it luck.

* * *

The "Entente Cordiale" Again

At the dinner of the London Chamber of Commerce on Wednesday next, at Prince's Galleries, the principal guest is to be the French Ambassador, M. Cambon. A large number of representatives of French Chambers are to be present, and a discussion is to be held on "Anglo-French Relations." The popular French Ambassador, like M. de Soveral and Count Mensdorff, the Portuguese and Austrian Ministers, is unmarried, but, unlike these two gentlemen, he is of a studious and serious turn of mind, and in no way given to frivolity. The dinners at the Embassy in Albert Gate are, like most bachelor dinners, superlatively good in the eating line; a hostess might, however, quite conceivably add to the gaiety of things, as did those former *châtelaines* of Albert Gate House, the Baroness de Courçel and Mme. Waddington.

Photo *Elliott and Fry*

Lord Castlereagh, M.P.

The eldest son of Lord Londonderry, and M.P. for Maidstone, who is taking a leading part in the newly formed Junior Imperial and Constitutional League, to which he delivered an address last week

A Story of Queen Victoria

Her late Majesty, Queen Victoria, by the way, once had a decidedly unique experience at the French Embassy. The reigning Ambassadress was the Duchesse de Persigny, a lady whose temper and partiality for scenes had caused the Emperor Napoleon III. very willingly to despatch her and her husband, the Duc, to represent him in England. The Duchesse gave a grand ball at the Embassy, and the young Queen signified her intention to be present. The Duchesse had had made for the occasion a most wonderful gown, and this she wore on the night with great satisfaction. To her horror, however, she, quite soon after the arrival of the Queen, saw that a lady in the Royal suite was wearing a dress which was an exact imitation of her own. Without a moment's hesitation, she went up to the lady and gave her a resounding box on the ears, and this in the near presence of the Queen. The Queen, in a royal rage, left the Embassy immediately, and the Duchesse and her husband were, in double quick time, recalled to France, never to see England again.

From the painting by L. Bonnat

Mr. H. L. Bischoffsheim

Photo Elliott and Fry

Mrs. Bischoffsheim

Who have just celebrated their golden wedding by a gift of £100,000 to be divided among a great number of charities

AN INTERESTING GOLDEN WEDDING

The Social Flight Into Egypt

More Royal Remarks

I referred the other day to the King's somewhat keen powers of observation on matters which to less august people might seem of slight importance. At his visit some weeks ago to King's Lynn, a little incident took place which proved to be only another example of the many pitfalls into which poor middle-class humanity falls when in the august presence. The Recorder of King's Lynn, taking up his speech to read, forgot that he was addressing the Sovereign, and stood facing the audience. The King, who never allows anything like that to pass, murmured, "Turn round, turn round!" At the second "Turn round," the worthy Recorder made a *volte face* in record—positively military—time, not, however, before the irrepressible laughter of the assembled multitude, which had not failed to hear the King's very audible stage whisper, had rung out. It is, by the way, quite impossible ever even to *pretend* that one has not heard what His Majesty is "whispering," for in comparison to the Royal "whisper" the thunder of Jove might be termed a mere faint ripple of the ether!

* * *

The King's Wonderful Memory

The perennial youthfulness of the King is becoming—especially since the celebration of his sixty-fifth birthday—more than ever "a thing to see and wonder at!" In appearance fully his age, older if anything, in mind there is no younger man for his years. Much has been told about the King's memory for faces, but his memory for dates, places, and incidents is equally remarkable. No smallest detail ever escapes him, and His Majesty is what is known as a "stickler" for the most minute intricacies of Court etiquette.

* * *

A Really Golden Wedding

Mr. H. L. Bischoffsheim celebrated his golden wedding recently in a most characteristic and also appropriate manner by the distribution of £100,000 amongst various charities. Four-fifths of this amount goes to institutions, mostly hospitals, without distinction of creed, and £20,000 only is devoted to purely Jewish institutions, for Mr. Bischoffsheim is, of course, of that faith. In the many philanthropic enterprises with which Mr. Bischoffsheim's name is connected, he has always displayed that practical common sense which so much adds to the efficacy of such efforts. He is best known, however, in connection with the Bischoffsheim ambulances, which are to be found at various busy and dangerous points all over London. It will be remembered that his daughter married Sir Maurice Fitzgerald, the Knight of Kerry.

Photo Special to "The Bystander"

M. Paul Cambon

The French Ambassador, who is to be the principal guest at the London Chamber of Commerce Dinner

Photo Thomson

Lady Lanesborough

Who, with her husband, is now in Cairo, where Lord Lanesborough is in command of the Coldstream Guards

* * *

The Flight into Egypt

The first weeks of December invariably witness a great exodus of people southwards and eastwards, and this year, in spite of the warm weather, has been no exception to the rule. It rather looks as if the only glimpse of the East which I, poor scribe, shall get this year is a stall at His Majesty's to see *Antony and Cleopatra* disporting themselves in their languorous, perhaps slightly draughty, Egypt. May I be forgiven, therefore, if my utterances on the Egyptian question are tinged with a certain envious acrimony. In Cairo, of course, that great centre of Society, the pursuit and the achievement of the great god Pleasure already hold unquestioned sway. The Coldstream Guards, with Lord Lanesborough in command, are, as is the way in the Guards, a great acquisition, though in Leicestershire, their popular commander, who has hunted for some years regularly from Swithland Hall, will be much missed. Lord Lanesborough, who succeeded his father only last year, married (as Lord Newtown-Butler) Miss Gwladys Tombs, the daughter of General Sir Henry Tombs, K.C.B., V.C., and they have three children. Lady Lanesborough is very dark, with dark hair and dark eyes, a great contrast to her husband, who is of the true Saxon build. They intend, on the conclusion of their sojourn in Egypt, to take up permanent residence in Ireland at Lord Lanesborough's seat in County Cavan, where they will be neighboured by Lord and Lady Erne and the Earl and Countess of Enniskillen. Other visitors to Cairo this autumn include the Earl and Countess of Halsbury, Mr. and Lady Evelyn Giffard, the Earl of Kingston, Sir Gilbert Parker, Lord and Lady Rathdonnell, and Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Lechmere, whose photograph we are enabled to publish in this number, and who is only just recovering from a serious operation.

The Season in Cairo

Mrs. Nicholas Lechmere

A well-known Society woman, who is going to Egypt with her husband for the season. She is just recovering from a serious indisposition

Two New Military Appointments

An Addition, Even to Calcutta

Even in India, where the scarcity of men is by no means so painfully obvious as it is at home, the arrival of a new man, especially if he is a bachelor, is a welcome occurrence. Lord Bury, who has gone to India, just in time for the gay Calcutta season, to join the staff of the Viceroy, is the eldest son of the Earl of Albemarle. He has already experienced the pains and pleasures of the position of aide-de-camp, for two years ago he was A.D.C. to the Governor-General of Canada. As a descendant of Arnold Joost van Keppel, the devoted follower of the Prince of Orange, Lord Bury could scarcely be anything else than keen on soldiering. His great-grandfather, as a boy of sixteen, served at Waterloo. His father is an A.D.C. to the King, and, it will be remembered, commanded the Infantry Battalion of the City Imperial Volunteers in South Africa; and yet another famous Keppel served as aide-de-camp to the Duke of Cumberland at Fontenoy and Culloden. Like his father, Viscount Bury, though not yet twenty-four, is a fine shot and fond of yachting. In neither of these pastimes will he have much practice in India, but that, for a young and most eligible bachelor, there will be sport of some kind or another, chiefly, perhaps, of the elusive description, no one who has ever wintered in Calcutta will for a moment doubt.

Photo] **Lord Bury** *[Russell*

Who has just been appointed to the Viceregal Staff in Calcutta. He was previously A.D.C. to Lord Minto when Governor-General of Canada

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The New Irish Commander-in-Chief

To succeed to a command which has been held by a person popular in all ranks of Society is not always the most enviable position in the world. General Sir Arthur Paget, however, who succeeds Lord Grenfell as General Officer Commanding-in-Chief in Ireland, carries with him not only the renown of his own popularity as Commander of the Guards' Brigade at Aldershot and as a much-tried and valiant soldier, but also the reputation for charm and hospitality which, in connection with his charming wife, is known and venerated even by the man in the street. As the friend of the King and Queen, and of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, the still beautiful American wife of the lately knighted General Sir Arthur Paget has entertained brilliantly for many years in London. It was, however, during the Boer War that she first gained what is termed newspaper notoriety. She organised some very magnificent tableaux at the Haymarket Theatre, and it was to her efforts that the outfitting of the hospital ship *Maine* was chiefly due. Tall, dark, and slender, and a born hostess, the terrible lift accident which befel Lady Paget two years ago has made an almost entire prisoner of her ever since. She has, however, derived great benefit from the treatment of Professor Hoffa, the famous German bone-setter, and her appearance at the opera, at one or two country houses, and at the theatre this autumn, has been hailed with delight by her numberless friends.

Photo *Elliott and Fry*

Lieut.-General Sir Arthur Paget

The new Irish Commander-in-Chief, in succession to Lord Grenfell

* * *

A Belgian Princess in Paris

Leopold, King of the Belgians, seems determined to go down to posterity as an ogre. His beard alone, of course, might well perpetuate his memory as one of that particular species; his daughters, the Congo, and one or two other considerations, will probably do the rest. As a father, King Leopold is apparently even more of an autocrat than as an African Sovereign. It appears that his eldest daughter, Princess Louise, has once again been petitioning her father to allow her to visit her mother's grave, and her own country. The King, however, refuses to accede to her request, except on the condition that she renounces entirely her home and friends in Paris and takes up her abode in Belgium or Germany. This the Princess declares she will never do, for it is to her friends in France she is indebted for her escape from what was called a sanatorium, but which was, to all intents and purposes, a prison.

* * *

A Sad History

The history of this unfortunate Princess is, perhaps, too well known to bear repetition. Suffice it to say, therefore, that she married, at the age of seventeen, Prince Philip of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha. In 1895 she put an end to a most unhappy married life by eloping with Count Mattachich, but a year or two later, by her husband's order and, it is said, her Royal father's approval, she was placed in a sanatorium. She escaped, with the help of some devoted friends, to France, where she has lived for the last two years. Tired of her banishment, and wearying, she confesses, for family affection, she constantly petitions the King, her father, to rescind his decree, but her efforts and prayers are unavailing.

A Princess in Exile

Photo *Otto*

H.R.H. Princess Louise (late of Saxe-Coburg)

The sadness of the fate of the eldest daughter of the King of the Belgians has once more been brought home to the public, by her having again been refused permission by her father to visit the grave of her mother in Belgium

The Plague of Bazaars

An Aristocratic Amateur Actor

No less than four performances of *The Second in Command* and *The Case of Rebellious Susan* were given last week in Windsor by that well-known amateur dramatic company, the Windsor Strollers. Colonel Newnham-Davis, of dining fame, Mrs. Harold Whitaker, Mr. William Goschen, and the Hon. Stephen Powys, were amongst the chief players. Mr. Powys, who is a brother of Lord Lilford, is one of the best amateur actors of the day. His father was the eminent ornithologist, and as a Powys he claims direct descent from Meredith, Prince of Powys, and Viceroy of the Welsh Kings many hundreds of years ago. Mr. Powys's devotion to amateur histrionic art is only equalled by the devotion of his brother, Lord Lilford, to sport and interest in the breeding of prize cattle. At Glentromie, which Lord Lilford has on a sub-lease from Mr. Robert Hargreaves, extensive shooting has been going on during the autumn. The shootings extend over 11,000 acres, and a bag of 114 brace of grouse is no uncommon result of a day's shooting.

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Suffragists at the Savoy

The banquet given at the Savoy Hotel last night in honour of the released Suffragists somehow or other tends to alter, very drastically, the complexion of Suffragist affairs. In the first place, it proves to the, at present, scoffing man (and woman) in the street that matters really are more serious than they supposed. A banquet, speeches, the best efforts of the Savoy *chef*, these, we had thought, were men's matters. Certainly, no freemasonry of men was ever yet cemented without a "feast of nectared sweets," and a declaration of fellowship over the flowing bowl. And then, we English people may have outgrown some few of our early-Victorian prejudices, but we still, most undoubtedly, love a lord. There were not, certainly, many lords present at the Savoy banquet last night, but there were a good many ladies, and some, too, of an avowedly Conservative persuasion; proving, if, since the adherence to the Suffragist cause of Mr. Balfour, any proof were needed, that they, the Suffragists, have gained even the support of the Conservatives.

* * *

The Givers of the Feast

The committee in charge of the arrangements included Lady Frances Balfour and Lady Grove, wife of Sir Walter Grove, both fluent speakers and keen politicians; Viscountess Harberton, of divided skirt fame; the Hon. Mrs. Bertrand Russell, an American who married, two years ago, Lord Russell's heir-presumptive; Mrs. Bernard Shaw; Mrs. Alfred Stead, the charming daughter-in-law of "W. T.," the well-known music-hall critic; Miss Elizabeth Robins, one of the cleverest women-writers of the day; Lady Strachey, and Lady Pearson. The presence of the latter alone on this committee is, perhaps for the Suffragist cause, the healthiest sign of all. One of the chief aims of the woman Suffragist, I believe, is the amelioration of the wrongs of female factory hands. Lady Pearson's people worked in the Bradford factories, and Lady Pearson, by championing this cause, is very effectually giving the lie to the popular belief that directly one rises in the social scale, one tries to obliterate all traces of the stock from which one sprung.

Photo *H. Walter Barnett*

The Hon. Stephen Powys

A clever amateur actor, who is taking part in the theatricals of the Windsor Strollers at Windsor this week

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A Duchess on Bazaars

Were the Duchess of Portland an Irishwoman one would the more readily understand a recent dictum and action of Her Grace's. In opening a church bazaar the other day in Nottinghamshire, the Duchess struck a novel note in the accepted formulæ of bazaar-opening by declaring sympathetically that she knew we were all tired to death of bazaars, and that it was not the most effective way in the world of raising money. Until, however, some brilliant mind had thought out some better way of decoying that coy biped once known as the "oof-bird" to its doom, the same old grooves must be, however unwillingly, adhered to, or words to that effect. The Duchess then displayed that slight but fascinating inconsequence which we are wont affectionately to associate with the daughters of Erin by proceeding to the flower-stall and there driving an absolutely roaring trade in buttonholes fashioned by her own hand.

* * *

The Universal Opinion

It is, however, a distinct relief to hear voiced by the most delightful duchess in the land opinions which we have all been dying to give vent to for many a long day. These bazaars, what unutterably boring, what really rather useless institutions they are! They consist, it would appear, chiefly of enormous and most high-sounding prospectuses, which contain, on their list of patronesses (whatever that word may mean), the names of some of the highest-born and highest-placed women in the country. Most of these high-born ladies, however, have, as a rule, no connection whatever with the charity in question, and when approached on the subject, far from enlarging thereon, generally give it to be understood that their name was given under pressure only, and on the distinct understanding

Society and the Suffragists

Photo *Kate Pragnell*

The Hon. Mrs. Bertrand Russell

One of the many Society women who has definitely associated herself with the Women's Suffrage Movement. She is one of the Committee who organised the banquet to the released "Suffragettes" at the Savoy last night (Tuesday), at which a host of other well-known political ladies were present

Lady St. Helier—Philanthropist

that their interest, patronage, and entire duties towards it ceased therewith. The trusting lady from far Suburbia, therefore, who, in the sure and certain hope of hobnobbing with all the princesses and duchesses on the prospectus, puts on her best bib and tucker and attends the bazaar, is, without exception, doomed to a very grievous disappointment.

* * *

Sellers Turned Buyers

I myself went to one of these much-boomed bazaars the other day. Although the list of patronesses on the aforesaid prospectus contained some forty or fifty great names, there were no great ladies present. Supers, doubtless very worthy but unknown, nevertheless, to that buying public the bazaar wishes to attract, took their places, and those few who had come prepared to pay five shillings to a duchess (or the next best thing) for a trifle they could buy at any shop for sixpence, went away and took their five-shilling pieces and their sixpences with them. In the end, I am told, the stall-holders, as the nimble buyer still lagged woefully, turned to and bought up their stalls themselves, and this, considering they had already bought, made, or begged for the goods, was really rather nice of them. However, let us hope they took a comfortable discount.

* * *

Lady St. Helier

Lady St. Helier is the eldest daughter of the late Keith Steward Mackenzie, of Seaforth. Her two daughters by her first marriage to the late Lord Stanley of Alderley are Mrs. St. John Brodrick and Mrs. Allhusen, both of whom inherit in no small degree their mother's gifts of sympathy and charm. Since the death of Lord St. Helier, his widow has devoted herself with even greater energy than heretofore to the poor and the suffering. Like Mr. and Mrs. Rupert Guinness, she has lately taken a tiny house in the East End, and here, in the midst of all the sorrow she strives to alleviate, she spends the greater part of her time. The days, it would seem, when her house in Harley Street was the favoured meeting-place of all the lions and lionesses of the day, are over, and Lady Jeune (as she is even now affectionately referred to) keeps in touch with the great world of Society chiefly through her social writings and her daughters.

Photo *Elliott and Fry*

Professor Thomson, of Cambridge

Winner of the Nobel Prize for Physics, of which he is Cavendish Professor at Cambridge

Photo *Beresford*

Lady St. Helier

(Formerly Lady Jeune), who is having a Sale at her house, which Princess Christian is to open on December 13

Photo *Russell*

Lord Drogheda

Who, with Lady Drogheda, is giving a series of shooting-parties before Christmas at Moore Abbey, Co. Kildare

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A Little Tale

In connection with Lady St. Helier's Harley Street *salon*, a tale is told which illustrates rather aptly her ladyship's *penchant* for inviting to her house anyone of notoriety. A famous wit (he is with us still) was asked to go to an interesting murder trial. He declined, however, saying, "If the man's condemned it will be painful. If he's released, why then I'll meet him at Lady Jeune's!"

* * *

A Peer-Musician

Moore Abbey, Co. Kildare, where Lord and Lady Drogheda are entertaining a series of shooting-parties, is one of the most interesting old places in Ireland. Originally, and so early as the seventh century, it was a monastery, and was founded by St. Evin. The present Earl of Drogheda has fitted it up as a modern residence, preserving in every way, as far as possible, the old building. Lord Drogheda is one of our peer-musicians. He plays the piano, and sings delightfully, and one of his most treasured belongings is a grand piano which stands in the hall of Moore Abbey, and which was once the property of Paderewski.

* * *

A Nobel Prizeman

Professor J. J. Thomson, whose photograph we publish, and who receives the Nobel Prize for Physics, became Second Wrangler at Cambridge at the age of twenty-four, six-and-twenty years ago, and he was also Second Smith's Prizeman. He is now Cavendish Professor of Experimental Physics to the University.

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A Correction

My attention has been called to the fact that, in a recent issue of THE BYSTANDER, I referred to Captain R. T. Dixon's motor-boat *Hebe* as being the first of its kind to navigate the Nile. This, I understand, is inaccurate, as it appears that Mr. A. B. de Guerville ran his *Martini I.* on the Nile during the greater part of last winter.

ROUND THE TOWN

Philanthropy and Some Amateurs

The Royalty was filled the other afternoon with a most gorgeous audience, "dripping with sables" and hung with fine jewels, keen to do good and anxious to be entertained. This matinée was given in aid of a fund for distressed Jews in Russia, and was evidently immensely popular. The cosmopolitan Hebraic world was represented very ably both on and off the stage. In *The Daughters of Shem*, by Mr. Gordon and Miss Goldsmid, the latter and Miss Inez Bensusan played the daughters of a small Russian household with earnestness and skill, the little play giving a fair field for varying emotions and development of character. It should succeed well in an evening bill. This cannot be said of the comedy in three acts which followed; but *Wasps* is full of promise, the author, Miss Goldsmid, having evidently studied the art of the playwright, although she has not yet advanced beyond the undergraduate days. I look forward to something very much more skilful from this clever lady in the near future. Amateurs and professional people were cleverly combined in this performance, which possessed a freshness and spirit sometimes lacking in more orthodox performances. While on the subject of philanthropy, I should remind readers that the pantomime in aid of the Kensington General Hospital is now in full swing at the Scala. Below will be seen a pretty group of Society women who are taking part in the "fantastic fairy comedietta."

Photo *Histed*

The success of the late Opera season

Mlle. Maria Gay, whose "Carmen" has taken the town by storm, as the finest impersonation (next to Calvé's) of recent years

A Winter Night's Entertainment

That curious and amazing group of mortals, clowns, and immortals who go to make the comedy of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* is once more delightfully presented at the Adelphi, where it appears always sure of a welcome. The management has expended its greatest care on making the scenes beautiful and the fairies fairy-like, and, under the bâton of Mr. Christopher Wilson, the music of Mendelssohn and the old English airs live again — thus the forest and the songs, and the fairies, are the main source of pleasure. The mortals do not greatly amuse at the present time. Of course, Miss Lily Brayton, as Helena, looks and speaks well, for she hath blessed and attractive eyes, as she says of her rival, but the Hermia of Miss Rose Hersee is rather colourless, and the men rather competent than engaging. Miss Parkina sings her "Over Hill, Over Dale," and her part of "I Know a Bank," with considerable charm.

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Among the Immortals

The Titania of Miss Thyrza Norman is delicate and bright, but she will not make certain stars shoot madly from their spheres to hear her music; nor will the Puck of Miss Faydon cause playgoers to forget other Robin Goodfellows that they have known. The Oberon of Mr. Walter Hampton is the most perfect performance here; in person, in voice, in grace and dignity, he is the ideal fairy king. But the

Photo] **Society takes to the stage to aid charity** *[Dover Street Studios*

A group of Follies from the "fantastic fairy comedietta" which is now being performed at the Scala Theatre, in aid of the Kensington Hospital, by a company of well-known Society women

Reading from left to right: Miss MacGregor, Miss Annie Forsyth, Miss Hodgson, Miss O'Hagan, Baroness de Voynish (Mrs. Moyle O'Connor), Mrs. Roche, Miss Doris Mitchell, Miss Eustace Lonergan, Miss Bayly

The Transitions of "Toddles"

mass of elves, fairies, and singers—these are the true delight. Mr. Oscar Asche, Mr. Charles Rock, and the rest, work immensely to please their audience, and yet . . . and yet . . . the fun has, to a great extent, evaporated from the clowns. The more carefully laboured the parts, the more hollow they become. It would appear that, like Troy and some other important things of their day, clowns "have been."

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"Toddles"

Toddles celebrated its one hundredth performance the other evening, and my toast was "Long may Mr. Cyril Maude continue to 'toddle.'" A more amusing piece has not been seen in London for a long time. The story is really very weak, not to say quite silly at times, but the piece is, perhaps, the funnier for that. One does not expect to find much plot in a farce of this kind One goes to be amused, and, in the case of *Toddles*, no one can possibly grumble at not receiving his money's-worth of merriment. The house is crowded at every performance, and the enthusiasm of the audience is immense. Miss Lottie Venne as Mrs. Joblyn, the wife of a self-made man, makes a delightful study of her part. Her ambition is to get into Society, and her struggles in this direction cause endless merriment. The Joblyn of Mr. Alfred Bishop is also exceedingly good. I have seldom seen a more perfect little piece of acting. Miss Alice Crawford was an attractive Constance Joblyn, the victim of the match-making Lady Dover, charmingly played by Miss Gertrude Kingston. The piece was moved in its entirety to Wyndham's Theatre yesterday, pending its transference to the "Playhouse," Mr. Cyril Maude's new theatre. The cast will shortly suffer a loss in the person of Miss Alice Crawford, who leaves on the 22nd inst. to rehearse for Mr. Tree's production of *Antony and Cleopatra*, in which play she is to impersonate Charmian.

Photo Dover Street Studios

Miss Alice Crawford

Constance Joblyn in *Toddles*, which has been moved to Wyndham's, prior to its transference to Mr. Cyril Maude's new "Playhouse." Miss Crawford shortly leaves to rehearse for Mr. Tree's new play, *Antony and Cleopatra*, in which she will play Charmian

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Does Cabby Love a Crowded Street?

I believe a deal of London's street congestion is due to cabby's stolid adherence to crowded highways, and his absolute lack of an imagination in the selection of routes about Town. The other day, I hailed a cab in Fleet Street and said "Pagani's"—which, as some may know, lies in Great Portland Street. I imagined a brief dash past Temple Bar, a majestic sweep round the eastern half of Aldwych, a swift run up Kingsway, a turn into Oxford Street, and hey, presto! Pagani's. But I counted without cabby. Ignoring altogether the new streets, he took the Strand route, and soon had me in the thick of the traffic of that narrow thoroughfare, after which, crossing Trafalgar Square, he made his way through the byways of Soho. When I asked him why he had not taken the Kingsway route, he exclaimed, "Why, I never thought of that!" And so it is, I venture to say, with nine out of ten cabmen. They ignore the opportunities afforded them by the new and expensive streets for quickening their journeys, and adhere to the beaten tracks. Whether this is from sheer stupid force of habit, or because cabby fancies himself in the crowded thoroughfares, in the manner of a natty church or sea-side parader, I do not know. I do say, however, that if cabby would select his routes not only for their geographical directness, but also for their freedom from congestion, the public would be better served, and some of the L.C.C.'s ruinous street expenditure justified.

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A Musical Sensation

Something fresh in the way of musical sensation was enjoyed at the last Queen's Hall Symphony Concert, when the pianist, M. Raoul Pugno (having done his duty and played with finish and correctitude a somewhat trivial Mozart Concerto) turned to and renewed the acquaintance of the London public with César Franck's Symphonic Poem, "Les Djinns." This extraordinary work has only been played once before in London (in 1898), and I hope it will speedily be played again, for on the day that this is done I shall surely hie me to Langham Place. The "Djinns," be it said, are the "children of death—the shadows whirled hither by the tempest with their long-drawn sighs." The music tells of the advance out of the silence of these "impure demons of the night," and oh, the result is thrilling! It has the haunting realism of Schumann's "Manfred," and the witchery of M. Pugno's light, ethereal touch, combined with the devilry of Mr. Wood's orchestral seconding, awed the audience to silence. The ending of the work, in which, after the Djinns have come, "all sound is swallowed up in space," is remarkable. Save in the Prelude to Lohengrin, I know of no finer depiction in music of the idea of stillness. And yet the French master has secured his realistic purpose without other than purely melodious devices. If I were Mr. Wood, I would "star" M. Pugno's next rendering of "Les Djinns." It should draw all the sensation-lovers of London. On Saturday next the attraction is the "Pathetic" Symphony of Tschaikowsky, and the same master's Second Pianoforte Concerto.

No More Dull Death Scenes!

MR. SHAW'S IMPORTANT REFORM IN "THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA"

Newspaper Man (*Mr. Trevor Lowe*) **Sir Colenso Ridgeon** (*Mr. Ben Webster*) **Jennifer Dubedat** (*Miss Lillah McCarthy*) **Sir Ralph Bloomfield Bonnington** (*Mr. Eric Lewis*)

Cutler Walpole (*Mr. Jas. Hearn*) **Louis Dubedat** (*Mr. Granville Barker*) **Sir Patrick Cullen** (*Mr. William Farren, Jun.*)

Dubedat expires brightly in Act III.

DUBEDAT (MR. GRANVILLE BARKER) (*to the newspaper man who has inquired his "plans for the next season"*): "My plans for the next season are very simple. I am going to die"

Photos *Dover Street Studios*

The entrance of Jennifer Dubedat (Miss Lillah McC·rthy)

The Doctor's Dilemma is explained very simply. Should he save the life of a scoundrel, who happens to be a genius, or the life of an honest man, who is only a mediocrity? Should he serve the multitude or the individual? Sir Colenso Ridgeon, the doctor, faced with the dilemma, elects to save the honest mediocrity; hence the scoundrelly genius (Dubedat) is allowed to expire, and does so very brilliantly in the first of the above pictures

To the Alps by Air

Melodrama and Life

The name of Mr. Jerome K. Jerome has been very little heard in the world of the theatre of late, but there are some alive, I presume, who will remember his "Three Men," and the plays, *New Lamps for Old*, *Woodbarrow Farm*, and the like, that, somehow or other, I always connect with the name of Mr. Bottomley and the far-off affairs of the last century. Well, Mr. Jerome has taken the floor again, and this time startles the dwellers of Camden Town at Camden Theatre with *Tommy*, a melodrama of convention, plus an ultra-human close to the last act. I suppose to be conventional and truthful in the same play is to disgust two sorts of audiences where one might have been delighted. But, at any rate, the critics are more amused, and that must be nice for the author. In the old days of his vanity, Mr. Jerome would have added a little word of three letters after his title *Tommy*, but that would have been because his taste ran to obvious Cockney humour and not because the play fails to interest. In fact, the quick drama and sudden changes in the action of the play hold the audience in spite of themselves, and the close of the last act grips like a situation that has come to stay.

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Woolwich Grand Theatre

Situated in Woolwich, the Grand Theatre is a great favourite with the "Tommies" stationed in the town. The auditorium contains nearly as much colour as is to be seen on the stage, for Mr. Atkins usually graces the theatre wearing his uniform. The officers, however, prefer "mufti," and it is no unusual sight to see a row of adoring subalterns seated in the stalls endeavouring to catch the eyes of the pretty young ladies upon the stage. The conductor is frequently the smiling medium, whose part it is, in addition to conducting the excellent orchestra, to hand huge bouquets to the stars from their soldier-admirers. But it must not be supposed that the patrons consist only of the "military" man. Civilians flock to the theatre from all the neighbouring towns to enjoy the good fare provided for them by Mr. Sounes—last week it was Mr. George Musgrove's No. 1 Company in *The Belle of New York*. The company included Mr. Frank Lawton in his original rôle. Miss Empsie Bowman played the name-part. A mere child, Miss Florence Hersee, captured most of the honours.

* * *

"What Man Dare, I Dare!"

The Lady Macbeth of Miss Vanbrugh should greatly interest her many admirers on the afternoons of this week at the Garrick, when Mr. Bourchier will play the, to me, less interesting rôle of Macbeth. Since the general revival of interest in woman in art—so marked nowadays—Lady Macbeth has come by her own, and is now by far the most important figure in Shakespeare's "incarnadine tragedy." Just how the most distinguished and most modern actress of to-day will present the blood-stained and subtle wife is a question which will engage the curiosity of all lovers of the play. With

Photo *Park*

To the Alps by air

Mr. Leslie Bucknall (right) supervising the inflation of the balloon "Vivienne IV.," by which he and Mr. Perceval Spencer accomplished the recent splendid journey from London to Geneva (430 miles), and enjoyed the unusual treat of witnessing an Alpine sunrise from the clouds

BY DUDLEY CLEAVER

MISS TOTTIE STARLIGHT (*reading the account of a "first night"*): "How disgraceful! I shall really sue the 'Daily Squirrel' for libel"
HE: "Why?"
SHE: "They say I have a fat part which suits me perfectly, and I'm *positive* I have *quite* the best figure of anybody in the company"

the aid of Miss Alexandra Carlisle and Mr. Aubrey Smith, the successful *Morals of Marcus* has now scored a century, and is still "set" for a long innings, these matinées of *Macbeth* in no way interfering with the run of Mr. Locke's play.

* * *

The Marvellous Mare

Last week an intelligent horse gave a performance at the "Palace," which appeared to draw large crowds. Personally, I liked most of the other turns, such as the charming and reposeful "Galatea," or the delightful singing of Miss Margaret Cooper, far better than the performance of "Princess Trixie," but then I like horses and dogs and cats far too well to care to see them on the stage. D'Arc's Marionettes are very pleasant, and Nelson Jackson is a *raconteur* who amuses.

BYSTANDER.

PARIS Week by Week.

Another Theatrical Marriage

To the long list of well-known theatrical ladies on matrimony bent must now be added the name of Mme. Liane de Pougy, whose portrait—like that of Mme. Otero, *la belle*—has been frequently reproduced in London journals. That Mme. de Pougy should have followed Mme. Otero's example was to be foreseen. The two ladies were rivals, not in their art—which never played any great part in their existence—but in their jewellery. Each of them could stock a good-sized shop with their tiaras, stomachers, necklaces, bracelets, etc. But Mme. Otero possessed a larger and more costly display, and disappointment ate into the heart of her younger competitor, who revenged herself in a curious manner, which at the time caused much amusement. Both ladies happened to arrive in Monte Carlo on the same afternoon. In the evening the Spanish beauty made a triumphant *entrée* to the rooms, covered in jewellery. When Mme. de Pougy arrived her friends had reason to look astonished. She wore no ornament whatsoever, not even a modest ring; but her maid who accompanied her was ablaze with her mistress's precious stones. Unlike Mme. Otero, Mme. de Pougy does not marry a millionaire. As a woman of literary aspirations and fond of reading scientific works, she has bestowed her hand on a young doctor, the same who tended her with loving care at one of our hospitals here, after he recent motor accident.

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The Plague of Grand Dukes

To the pleasure-seeking Russian Grand Dukes, Paris has always been a happy hunting ground where they lavishly spend their own—and other people's—money, indifferent to the fearful crisis through which their country is passing. At one time, these gentlemen, amply provided with cash, were warmly welcomed by the Paris *restaurateurs* and tradesmen. In the course of time, however, things underwent a change. The sources from which the Grand Dukes derived their supplies seemed to be exhausted, and they began to run up bills in the establishments they had patronised for years. This new development was not at all to the taste of the Paris tradesmen; yet they could not very well refuse credit to princes of the blood, who, at one time, had ranked among their best customers. "Cannot somebody rid us of these Grand Dukes?" was the cry they constantly uttered; and then, to their joy, the Nihilists came to the rescue. They travelled all the way from Russia, shadowed the members of the Imperial Family, and frightened them away from their favourite haunts. They even drove seven

Photo *Manuel*

Dr. Henri de Rothschild, who has just given 100,000 francs to start a Cancer Research Institute

Dr. Henri de Rothschild is already well known for his philanthropic work in Paris, and he has, among other things, founded a children's hospital

of them altogether out of Paris, for it was no longer considered safe to go about with a Grand Duke. There was the danger of a bomb; and a few weeks ago, when one of these princes asked a well-known painter here to accompany him to view a picture-gallery, the artist pretexted a violent toothache, and refused the proffered honour. Whether the bomb-scare has worn itself out, or the dreaded Nihilists have departed, it is certain that the Grand Dukes have returned *en masse*, and are once more to be seen nightly in all the places *où l'on s'amuse*. It is true that now and then we see them shadowed by one or two men bearing the unmistakable stamp of the detective; but these instances are rare. And English and American visitors to Paris can once more have the pleasure of dining in a fashionable restaurant with one of the Tsar's relatives seated at the next table.

* * *

A New Danger

It has often been remarked that no man should cross the Paris streets unless he has made his will. It certainly is an operation fraught with danger. The motor-car, motor-'bus, the omnibus, the cyclist, the murderous cabman, form a huge homicidal association that makes our lives hang by a thread. And, as if this were not sufficient, a fresh danger has sprung up, against which we cannot guard ourselves, even if we think ourselves safe on the pavement. It is the stray bullet from a revolver fired by a jealous woman. Mme. Abbey, having considered herself wronged by M. Merlou, a former Cabinet Minister, followed him down the Boulevard des Italiens, and, in that crowded thoroughfare, discharged her revolver at him, three of the bullets going close to the heads of passers-by. Mme. Abbey, when arrested, indignantly complained that she had been roughly handled by the crowd, and her hat and jacket bore witness of the treatment she had received. The truth is, that two gentlemen whom she had very nearly killed forgot the respect they owed to the gentle sex and gave her a severe shaking, telling her at the same time that these acts of revenge should be performed *in camera* and not in a public place.

* * *

Inferior "Markswomen"!

Ladies, as a rule, are bad markswomen, and the person they want to hit is the one who runs the least danger. Moreover, they are liable, in the excitement of the moment, to mistake an unknown man for their intended victim. Not so very long ago an elderly gentleman, crossing the Champs Elysées heard the report of a pistol behind him, and at the same moment felt an acute pain in the calf of his right leg. He turned round and beheld a pretty young girl, who, on seeing him, started crying, and exclaimed: "Oh, I am so sorry. I made a mistake. I thought you were that pig of an Alfred!" The girl looked so sweet, and prayed so hard, that the man she had mistaken for Alfred promised not to prosecute; but he has limped ever since. The ladies who throw vitriol also enter into that category; and a queer list could be made of persons who have been burnt or had their clothes destroyed by these avenging Amazons. Verily, the Paris streets are becoming dangerous.

FRANCES KEYZER.

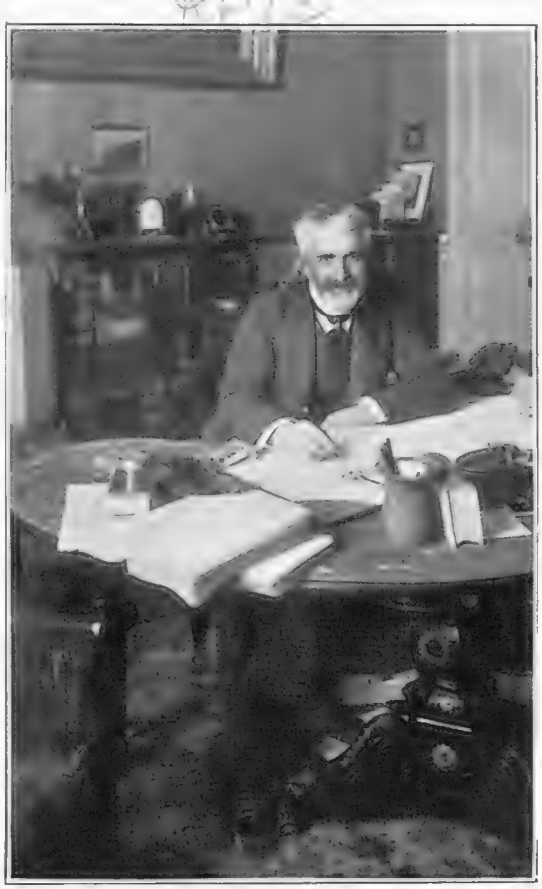


Photo *Manuel*

Dr. Poirier, under whose auspices the Rothschild Cancer Research Institute will be run

The Institute will make possible the centralisation of all the present efforts to discover a cure for cancer

* * *

For Cancer Research

Of late we have been hearing a great deal about various cures for the dreadful disease of cancer, ranging from the seemingly absurd violet-leaf cure to various kinds of serums, and yet apparently no remedy has been discovered except that which can be effected in the very early stage of the disease by the surgeon's knife. Owing to the liberality of Dr. Henri de Rothschild, who has given 100,000 francs for the purpose, Dr. Poirier is founding an Institute in France for the purpose of making special researches for a cancer cure, where it will be possible to centralise all the efforts now being made to discover some effective remedy. Dr. Henri de Rothschild has already founded a children's hospital in Paris, and is well known for his charitable works, and he is often to be seen visiting patients in the poorer quarters of the city, who otherwise would not be able to procure expert medical advice.

Annual Christmas Excursion to the Riviera

The South Eastern and Chatham Railway announce that a special train, composed of first and second-class lavatory carriages and a restaurant car, will leave Calais for Marseilles, Cannes, Nice, Mentone, and Monte Carlo, on Saturday, December 22, in connection with a special express train from Charing Cross Station at 2.50 p.m., by the short sea route, *via* Folkestone and Calais. The reduced return fare from London to any of the above-named Riviera stations will be:—First class £9 12*s*., second class £6 12*s*., and passengers will be able to return on any day, either *via* Calais or Boulogne, up to January 30 inclusive. The tickets will also be available at Hyères, Grasse, and other Riviera stations.

The sea passage from Folkestone to Calais will be performed by one of the South Eastern and Chatham Company's steamers in about seventy-five minutes.

Football as Played at Eton: The Field Game

The Field Game: A "bully" in goal

The two kinds of football played at Eton, the Field game and the Wall game, are quite unique, and are played nowhere else. The playing of these games drew large crowds, as usual, on the St. Andrew's Day celebrations

The Field Game: A goal has just been scored

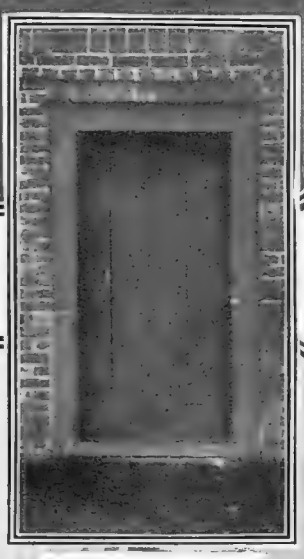
The field game is a curious mixture of Rugby and Association football, and the ball used is only about half the size of an Association ball. It is probable that the field game is the fastest kind of football extant

Football as Played at Eton: The Wall Game

The Wall Game: Showing one of the rare occasions on which the ball comes out of the bully

On either side will be seen photographs of the goals, consisting of an elm tree and a small door. It is almost impossible to get a goal, only two having been obtained in sixty-five years

The goal in bad calx



The goal in good calx

Photos *Baker and Muggeridge*

A St. Andrew's Day Group: Collegers v. Oppidans

The "Walls," who stand next to the wall in the bully, have to wear sackcloth jerseys, padded caps with ear-flaps, and fives gloves. Owing to the difficulty of getting goals, the match is usually decided by the number of "shies" scored by either side

Shall We, After A

Photo

Successful Navigation of the Air by the French Military Air-ship "La Pa

Despite the success of the aeroplane in solving the problem of flight, and the popular approval of that particular type of vessel, the authorities continue to experiment with the old-fashioned "lighter than air" contrivance. The difference between air-ship and aeroplane has been described as that bet th in the air, and scientists are fairly well which is really going to win in the finish

Fly Like This?

A photograph of the ship in the process of sailing against the wind *Topical Agency*

the fish in the water and the bird ed, even now, on the question as to "Patrie," above shown, accomplished the other day, under the direction of French military engineers, a highly successful trip. Starting from a given point, with its nose to the wind, the ship sailed for thirty minutes, after which time it successfully turned, and returned to its starting-point

By Field, Stream & Covert.

TO OUR READERS

We are always very glad to receive photographs of interest to hunting people to publish in the "Field, Stream, and Covert" pages, and for all photographs we reproduce, either a quarter or half-page size, we shall pay **5s.**, *and* **10s. 6d.** *for those used over this size. Photographs, which should be silver prints, must have been taken this season, and each print must bear the sender's name and address, besides full particulars as to when and where it was taken*

Good Luck and an Open Season!

This time-honoured toast was given at many a hunt breakfast last month, and so far the wishes of followers of hounds have been very pleasantly fulfilled. November was perfectly open, and no pack, so far as I am aware, lost a single day during the month on account of unfavourable weather. As for good luck, most packs had their fair share, for scent was serving on the average, and foxes made satisfactory points. In short, it can fairly be described as the best fox-hunting November that we have had for many seasons.

Is Beagling Cruel?

Surely, of the various branches of hunting, that of beagling is the most devoid of objectionable features? It is essentially sporting, because the quarry always is faster than the little hounds, and can only be accounted for by those finer qualities of houndwork and perseverance that delight the heart of the true sportsman. Seldom is a hare brought to hand unless she has been honestly and untiringly worked for. Incidentally, the sport furnishes magnificent exercise and plenty of that healthy excitement which is as the salt of life to the able-bodied manhood of this country. Muscles are hardened, sinews strengthened, the brain cleared, and the whole system invigorated by a run with the beagles, and since more than one half of the pleasure is in watching hounds steadily working out the line of their resourceful quarry, the substitution of the drag for the hare would mean a proportionate loss of enjoyment—in fact, it would bring the thing down to the farcical level of a paper-chase. Yet that is what the

Mr. H. Whalley Tooker, Master of the East Hambledon Foxhounds

A meet of the East Hambledon Hunt at "Fairfield," Hambledon

These hounds show good sport in their Hampshire country, which was divided six years ago, Captain W. P. Standish taking the west side, and Mr. Whalley Tooker the east

Who-Whoop!

A kill with the Halstead Place Beagles

At Halstead Place, the residence of Mr. James Russell. Interesting comment is made in "Field, Stream, and Covert," on the sport of Beagling, and the attention recently given to it by the Humanitarian League

Photo *Reid*

A Crimson Rambler at Dongarie

An example of strong growth when planted in the open ground. Rambler roses should never be planted against a south or west wall, or where there is a draught

ultra-humanitarians are crying out for. Briefly put, their argument is that beagling is cruel. And the hunting and killing of the hare are, according to these folk, well-nigh parallel to the barbarities of the Spanish Inquisition.

The Apogee of Squeamishness

The faddist is everywhere to-day, and, having failed in his strenuous endeavours to secure the abolition of the Eton College Beagles, he has turned his attention to the private pack which belongs to the Royal Naval College at Dartmouth. It is stated that—

> A memorial, largely signed by head masters of public schools, has been presented by the Humanitarian League to the First Lord of the Admiralty, expressing the opinion that the permission granted to the cadets of the Royal Naval College at Dartmouth to indulge in the sport of hare-hunting when the drag hunt is readily available as a substitute is greatly to be deplored.

The spirit which has prompted this memorial reaches the very apogee of squeamishness. I trust that the First Sea Lord will administer a very proper snub to the narrow-minded people who are responsible for it, and especially to those "head masters of public schools" who have "largely signed" the memorial, and have thus presumed to dictate what should or should not be done in connection with the Royal Naval College. The Humanitarian League is, no doubt, an excellent institution, capable of a great deal of good within proper spheres. But if it is to justify its existence, it will have to do much more sensible work than attempting to interfere with the sport of beagling, which is as uninjurious to the moral instincts of those who take part in it as is the "gentle art" of angling or any other open-air sport. A. W. C.

GARDEN NOTES

Rambler Roses

The past season has once more shown the unsuitability of Crimson Rambler and other roses of the same class for hot positions. Where they have been planted against south or west walls, they have made very little growth, and have been badly infested with aphides, but where they have been planted in the open ground, as in the garden illustrated, they have fully justified their reputation. Full exposure to the air, so that it can play freely round them, seems essential to their welfare; but if they are so placed as to be in a draught, they are as certain to be attacked by mildew as they are if their roots are allowed to get dry. They are, undoubtedly, fine roses for pillars, arches, and pergolas; but when they are permitted to ramble up the centre of an old tree, they are seen at their best. It is a mistake to plant only ramblers on a pergola, for they make very long shoots and flower chiefly at the tips. In the case of some varieties—Euphrosyne, for example—this tendency may be corrected by cutting back the young shoots which spring from the base; but if most of the class were treated in this way, they would not flower at all. Hence, in order to decorate the lower parts of the pergola, other roses of less rampant growth should be combined with the ramblers. For this purpose, varieties which flower more or less throughout the year, and not merely in summer, should be selected. Climbing Mrs. W. J. Grant, Gloire Lyonnaise, Grüss an Teplitz, and Gustave Regis are all good, and there are many others.

RUSTICUS.

Out with the Eridge Hunt

The Hunt makes a halt at the Cross Roads at Burknell

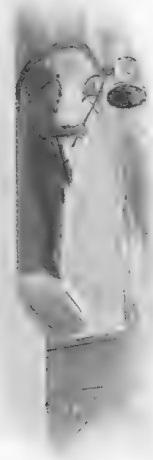
The Marquis of Camden, who sometimes acts as Deputy-Master in the absence of Lord Henry Nevill, M.F.H.

The Field following the Hounds in the Warren

The country covered by the Eridge Hounds lies on the borders of Sussex and Kent, and Lord Henry Nevill, who hunts them from Eridge Castle, has been their Master since 1893

From Days of Yore

JACKS-SMITE-THE-CLOCK. EARLY "UNIVERSAL PROVIDERS"



Southwold Jack

Which used to sound the hours at Southwold Church. The figure dates from the beginning of the fifteenth century

Old-Time Automata

An automaton, which was known by the common appellation of "Jack Smite the Clock," was once a very familiar object in the towers of our older churches. As a rule, "Jack" appeared in knightly panoply, with mace or axe in hand, ready to proclaim the flight of time upon the sonorous bell, which hung near the venerable clock. Two of the most ancient and interesting of the few "Jacks" still extant are to be found in Suffolk churches. Southwold "Jack" is believed to be as old as the church itself, viz., 1399-1413. This curious little effigy is of wood, and he stands harnessed from head to heel in russet and gold armour. In the left hand is a scimitar, and in the right a battle-axe, with the butt of which he sounds the bell that is suspended from a branch at the side of the figure.

In Honourable Retirement

"Jack" now stands in a canopied niche over the celebrated painted wood screen in the north aisle. And Southwold "Jack" is not altogether idle, for the clerk makes him strike the bell as the clergy emerge from the vestry, to signalise the beginning of the service. A few miles away is Blythburgh "Jack," which is believed to date from the year 1500. This figure stood in the tower till removed to its present position at the south-east end of the middle aisle. Blythburgh "Jack" is 4 ft. in height, and clad in plate armour, while a flowing beard gives him a very venerable aspect.

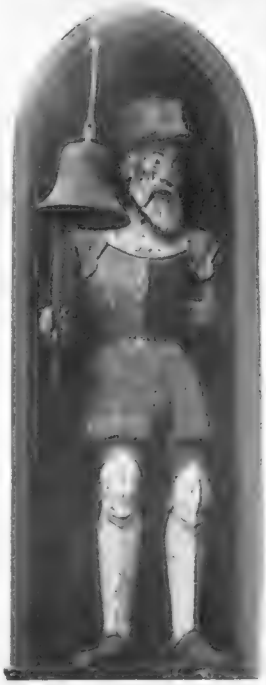


Photo Jenkins, Southwold

Blythburgh Jack

This figure is 4 ft. in height, and is clad in plate armour

Photo *Bastin*

The Gentle Art of Advertising: Two old Cornish signboards

The world has advanced a long way since the beginning of last century, but even at that period it appears as if Cornwall had its "Universal Providers." judging from the articles which Mr. Ninnis and Mr. Nute were willing to buy and sell. It is curious to note, however, Mr. Ninnis's antipathy to treacle

Worldly Short Story No. 52

MRS. COSWAY'S PROTEST

By EDWARD CECIL

TO WORLDLY AUTHORS

Any of our readers who have written stories which they think would be suitable for our Worldly Series are invited to send in their Manuscripts, which must be typewritten. A story by an unknown writer will receive just as much consideration as though it had been written by one of the most celebrated authors of the day, and, if accepted, will be liberally paid for. Only good stories are wanted!

THE celebrated Milcroft strike ended on January 5, 1900. One night, a week earlier, when the echo of the Christmas bells hardly seemed to have died away, when, in homes happier than the homes of Milcroft, the festival of goodwill was still being celebrated, James Cosway, the resident manager and principal owner of the Milcroft Iron Mines, was sitting in his drawing-room alone with his wife.

"Hillcrest," as their house was appropriately called, stood on the top of the hill on the slopes of which the town of Milcroft was built. It was isolated and surrounded by shrubberies. It dominated the town much as James Cosway dominated the local life.

The night was bitterly cold. Ever since dusk a thick sleet had been falling. Now, before a steady and merciless North-East wind, this was turning into snow. In the drawing-room of Hillcrest, the temper of the night could be understood from the noise of the wind. From time to time the snow-laden gusts shook the windows.

Cosway and his wife were occupied as they usually were when alone together: he sat in his easy chair reading *The Times*; she, sitting back in a corner of the deep, thickly cushioned Chesterfield, read her novel. On a small table between them was a silver coffee-tray. In consequence of the silence, the sleet and snow beating the windows could be heard very distinctly.

After a time, Cosway folded his paper, and, resting his elbows on the arms of the chair, let his hands interlock. Sitting thus motionless, he gazed thoughtfully into the fire.

His face, upon which the firelight played, was shrewd and strong. Despite the fact that lines were gathering upon it, it was still handsome. But, perhaps, its chief characteristic was not the trespassing of age upon a youthful comeliness, but rather the pronounced strength to which every feature seemed to minister. The strength had always been there. The passing of the years had added to it a certain grimness.

The whole build of the man was powerful. A Rugby Blue in his youth at Cambridge, he had built up his bodily strength till it was remarkable even for a North-countryman. But, just as much of the gracefulness of his athletic youth had departed, so also from his mind much of the softness and gentleness of his early manhood had vanished. It had grown stronger and more powerful. Its power of concentration had increased. Its capacity for work and decision had grown. In other ways, however, it had narrowed, for there was a side of James Cosway's character which had been slowly starved. The man had hardened.

After gazing into the fire for a time, he became aware that his wife was not reading her novel. He, therefore, broke the silence.

Possibly, while he watched the dancing reflections on the brass-work of the hearth, he had found it unpleasant to listen to the sleet and snow being blown against the windows, but more probably he merely made his request from habit.

"Play something, Margaret," he said. "One of those things of Schubert's."

As Margaret Cosway sat down at the keyboard of the large ebony grand, she reflected that the time was opportune for her to say much that she had determined to say. Yet she shrank from speaking the first word. She had never resisted her husband, never questioned his opinions or his actions. In a thousand ways she had relied upon his strength. She had once worshipped it. Perhaps, in the depths of her being, she did so still. But of late it had become hateful to her. Now, as she struck the first chords, she found it revolting. It outraged her sense of right and justice, and the best feelings of her womanhood rebelled against it. Yet she shrank from making her protest. So she had played on, watching her husband and listening to the voices of the inclement night.

Surely, that night, the cruelty of the weather might have spared Milcroft. It was many weeks since hunger had begun to steal down the long streets of brick cottages, since the men standing at the corners had first begun to tighten their waist-belts. Christmas had come and passed, and the temporary charity which Christmas brings had ceased. When the spectre of starvation stood on many a door-step, it seemed to Margaret Cosway that there was a wanton cruelty in the severity of the winter.

She was not listening to the Schubert Sonata she was playing, but to the voices of the inclement night.

Suddenly, in the middle of a bar, she stopped.

Another Worldly Story Next Week

(*All rights strictly reserved*)

Cosway looked up, surprised.

"What is the matter?" he asked.

"Nothing. But I stopped because I may as well tell you what I am thinking about."

"Certainly. But why stop so abruptly to tell me?"

There was something theatrical in that sudden stopping in the middle of a bar. Anything which savoured of the theatre jarred upon Cosway.

"Well, of what are you thinking?" he asked, with some annoyance.

"I am thinking of the people starving not more than three hundred yards away from here, for I suppose that it is not more than three hundred yards from this house to Paradise Street, and I believe in Paradise Street the distress is worse than it is anywhere else."

Cosway understood that in those words a challenge was thrown down. He was annoyed to think that his own wife should seek to join issue against him.

"Why worry about what is going on in the town?" he asked. "Things are not so bad as you have been told."

"I have been told that men and women are starving in Paradise Street," his wife said simply.

"I don't think that is true."

"Exactly. You don't know it to be false; you know it to be possible. If an actual case were brought before you, you would not be surprised."

She had got up from the piano, and stood now with one foot resting on the hearth curb. Cosway did not fail to notice that her hand, which raised her dress as she put her foot on the curb, trembled slightly.

"No," he said deliberately, "I should not be surprised."

"It is terrible to think," said his wife, bravely, "that men and women, even children, are craving for food. If anyone were to die, I cannot think how you could ever forgive yourself."

"You are unstrung to-night, Margaret," said Cosway, coldly.

"On the contrary, I am speaking words which I have weighed deliberately."

"I wish you would not concern yourself with matters you do not understand."

Margaret Cosway saw that there was need to justify nerself.

"It is true," she said, "that there are some things I do not understand. I know there are arguments why the men should not belong to a union. I daresay you are right in your determination to employ only non-union men. But there is one thing which I do understand quite clearly. I understand that the strike has reached a stage when it ought to be submitted to arbitration. Men do not face starvation unless they have some right on their side."

Cosway had been amazed when his wife stopped playing suddenly, in the middle of a bar; his amazement now was doubled.

For a moment he hesitated what to say. Then he allowed his annoyance to show itself.

"You have studied to-day's *Milcroft Gazette* to good effect," he remarked.

"I have not seen it," she said, wincing.

"Well, you have expressed in a nutshell the force of its arguments. They do not impress me. It is the support that the strikers receive which enables them to face starvation, as you put it—not the righteousness of their cause. They are fighting for an organisation which will be stronger than I am. I do not intend to yield. I can afford to prolong the strike, and I shall do so. You are wasting words, Margaret. It would have been better if you had not meddled with the subject."

Silence fell between the husband and wife, one of the saddest silences which can fall—that which means that, in the face of a difference of opinion, neither yields.

It is unlikely that Cosway realised to the full all that was involved in the silence which he refused to break. As the moments passed, his wife's thoughts were hardening against him. It seemed to her that he had grown so absorbed in his business, that that side of his character which she had once loved best had been starved till it no longer existed. As she stood there, with her foot upon the hearth curb, looking into the fire, there were many little things she called up from memory to justify the conclusion that was forming itself in her thoughts. Not only was there the growing indifference which her husband showed towards her in what had once been their intimate life together. She recalled much that she had heard about the way in which he had bought out interests in the mines, unscrupulous business methods which he had not hesitated to use. She remembered also, how little interest he had taken of late in their children. It seemed to her that he had allowed his wife and his home to become only secondary interests in his life, interests which would be sacrificed if ever they stood in the way of his great ambition. He was a strong, successful man, but in becoming so, the best in his life had been starved. His heart was dead.

And yet, while she maintained her silence, paralysing fear crept over her. She had always relied upon her husband; in a thousand ways she had been dependent upon his strength. Even after the first force of their love had abated, she had yielded him an unquestioned worship. He had always been essential to her happiness. Now, after a time, during which sympathy between them had been slowly dying, a moment of crisis had come. She trembled to think that, if she made her protest, she would be left alone and isolated, punished in the most terrible way she could be punished, exiled from her husband's life, except for the mere outward show which they presented to the world. Yet she was brave enough to fight for her opinions. She decided not to waver or give way.

But Cosway sat silent. He had spoken decisively, and he meant to crush his wife's rebellion. He had grown a hard man. He was, perhaps, incapable of understanding the protest which his wife made.

It would have been so easy for him to have saved his happiness and hers. He had only to play the lover to show that the softer side of his character still existed. The tragedy of the crisis lay in the fact that it never occurred to him to do so. He was only thinking that his wife's rebellion must be crushed; while she was determined not to own herself in the wrong, even though in her heart she was longing for some word of sympathy, which could have been so easily spoken.

(*Continued on page 574*)

A Musical Comedienne

Photo *Bassano*

Miss Mabel Green, who has been playing the part of Helene in "The Dairymaids" at the Apollo

Miss Mabel Green suddenly sprang into prominence a year or two ago while playing in the chorus of *The Cingalee* at Daly's, and afterwards played the part of one of *The Little Michus* at the same theatre, and also when the piece was on tour

(Continued from page 572)

But Cosway sat grimly silent, and it was not he who spoke.

"The Vicar called this afternoon," Margaret said at last, her voice a little unsteady. "He said that in some of the streets the distress was terrible. I offered to help him. But he refused to take my help. He seemed to think that as your wife I ought not to interfere."

"He was right," said Cosway.

"But I persisted."

"You mean you offered him money?"

"Yes. I gave him twenty pounds, all I had in ready cash."

"I thought you said he refused to take help from you."

"In the end, he could not refuse."

Cosway was angered.

"I suppose you know that it is to me that he owes his benefice? I suppose you also know that all this so-called charity only helps and makes possible the struggle against me?"

He spoke clearly and harshly.

"He took the money to give meals to the children. Surely, you are not fighting against them."

"It seems," said Cosway, bitterly, "that my own wife is fighting against me."

He got up from his chair. But although Margaret trembled she said nothing in contradiction. He put his hand firmly upon her shoulder.

"Remember," he said, "you must give no more. I will not have it said that you are helping the strikers against me. I am determined that this strike shall only have one end. Whatever else may fall to the ground, I intend to conquer."

He seemed to wait for her acquiescence. It did not come.

She went to the piano and closed the keyboard. As she did so, she turned and faced him.

"And I also am determined," she said, in a low voice. "I have my own income. There shall not be any starvation in Milcroft."

Cosway shrugged his shoulders and smiled.

"As I said before, Margaret," he remarked coldly, "you are unstrung to-night."

From outside, the sounds of the inclemency of the night had not abated.

. . . . .

When Cosway and his wife left the drawing-room, neither had admitted the justice of the other's opinion. To Cosway, his wife's words seemed theatrical and foolish; to her, his flint-like attitude seemed inhuman.

They went upstairs without speaking. The house was silent around them. In that silence, in the last hour of the day, it would have been natural if they had been drawn together, if the memory of their intimate life had saved them. Surely Cosway even, hardened though he had become, must have felt that something which was worth saving was slipping away from him. But whatever he felt, he showed no sign.

He went into his wife's room, and when she sat down in a low chair before the fire, he stood beside her.

Even if she wished to be left alone, she did not say so. Perhaps she was cowed. He hoped she was. She would be wise enough to know, he reflected, that if they quarrelled seriously, she might be made to suffer. She had always been dependent upon him. She would be very lonely if he showed for long that he did not forgive her interference, or, as he chose to think of it, her rebellion.

Some such thoughts were, indeed, passing through his wife's mind. But they were accompanied by other thoughts, thoughts of the stone-like hardness which had covered all that she loved best in her husband.

"Don't let there be any talk about this strike again, Margaret," he said at length. "It can do no good."

"I shall not speak of it again," she answered, after a pause.

Then, without any endearment, he went to the connecting door which led to his own room.

"Good-night, Margaret," he said, as he put his hand on the handle. He still spoke coldly, for he had not ceased to resent what she had said.

At that moment a desire to save her happiness overmastered her. It made her forget her pride, and her certitude that she was in the right.

She looked up.

"Good-night—Jim," she said.

He stopped, surprised.

But his mind was too pre-occupied to understand. In truth, he had ceased to care much for the intimate intercourse which he had once enjoyed. Moreover, he was tired.

"Good-night, Maggie," he said, indifferently, and passed through the doorway.

For some time Margaret Cosway sat motionless, hoping vaguely that perhaps her husband would come back, that he would forgive her, that he would show some little sign that their love was not wholly dead. Yet, at the same time, she told herself that she had said nothing which demanded forgiveness. Everything that she had said was true.

But she waited.

At last she heard the click as he switched off his light. She felt then that the love which had once been so strong between them must be dead.

For a long time Mrs. Cosway sat thinking. How hard and implacable her husband had become! How cruel was the fierceness of the winter night! How useless was anything she could do against these pitiless forces—her husband's cold, firm strength, the remorseless grip of winter! How foolish she was to think with such a passionate intensity of the men and women in the brick cottages of Milcroft, who were at that moment trying to sleep and forget their hunger!

Yet, despite everything, as she sat there in the silent room, her determination to help them grew even stronger. It was as if, in the presence of so much hard, remorseless force, she herself grew hard. It might be useless, but she would fight. She could at least, prevent actual starvation in Milcroft.

She got up and fetched a writing-case which she used when travelling, and kept always in a corner of her wardrobe. Then she put some more coal on the fire, and prepared to write two letters.

For a little time she wrote steadily, instructing her solicitors and her bankers, so that money should be ready to her hands, seeing everything very distinctly in that silent hour, for her brain had never been more clear, her thoughts more ordered, their sequence more inevitable.

(Continued on page 576)

Where the King Plays Golf

The private golf links at Windsor, the bunkers of which were made under the King's supervision

The Eastern Terrace, Windsor Castle, which is used as a resting place when playing over the links

The Eastern Terrace was the favourite seat of Queen Victoria, where she used to read and play with her dogs. It is now used by Queen Alexandra and other members of the Royal Family when on the course

Photos] **The Windsor Course: The sixth green** [*Ullyett*

Not only does the King take a great interest in the Royal and Ancient game, which he plays while at Windsor, but Queen Alexandra is also very fond of having a round with one of her daughters. Most of the Royalties of Europe have played here, and it is said Mr. Balfour never forgets his clubs when visiting Windsor. These are the only photographs which have ever been taken of the course

(Continued from page 574)

Nevertheless, when she had finished her letters and put aside her fountain pen, she fell again into that silent introspection which the actual labour of writing had interrupted, and her heart well-nigh broke. Even if she had ceased to be essential to her husband, she had always admitted, in the secret of her inmost thoughts, that he was essential to her. She was acting now as if he were not essential. In writing those letters she was making the separation between their lives complete. In plain justice, she could never again lay claim to his kindness, to his indulgence. If ever she hungered for his protecting strength, for his love—she would have no right to claim either. It frightened her to think how terribly lonely her life would now be.

Yet she decided to stand out against her husband's strength, to violate his wishes, to help Milcroft to oppose him.

. . . . . .

An hour later, Mrs. Cosway was still sitting before the fire, which she had kept burning brightly. She had no inclination to sleep.

Her thoughts continued to work with all their logical clearness, coldly, calmly, and remorselessly, over and over again, to the same conclusions which she had already reached. The letters, which rested in her lap, sealed and stamped, represented her just and irrevocable decision.

She saw quite clearly that the action she had decided to take would mean a new life for her—a life which would always be difficult and—she did not shirk the thought—always unhappy. She knew her husband would never forgive her if she organised relief and charity in Milcroft, on the lavish scale which she could afford. She was well able to see in what a difficult position she would place Cosway. She knew he would never forgive her, and she also knew in her heart that she would not expect him to do so. His anger, his disapproval, the separation of the lives in all but outward show, were consequences she fully realised and accepted. But she was prepared to sacrifice herself. Perhaps, in a dim way, she hoped that some day, long hence, things would come right, and that her husband, needing her, might take her back into his life. She tried, indeed, to comfort herself with the thought that she would live for her children, that, as they grew up, she would temper the strength which they would inherit from their father by teaching them those principles of loving kindness and mercy for which she was now fighting. But into her cold, wretched heart there came neither comfort nor peace, not even the remotest shadow of happiness.

Then, suddenly, the night-silence of the house was broken. It was broken very faintly. All that she knew was that it had been broken by some movement in her husband's room. Instantly her thoughts were paralysed. A wild fantastic fear shot across her mind. It was a time when her husband was in constant danger. Was he in danger now? What was the slight sound of movement which came from his room, and which the night-silence had made so terrible?

The connecting door was opened, and Cosway stood in the doorway, looking at his wife in surprise.

"What is the matter, Maggie?" he asked.

Perhaps he saw that she was unhappy, for he spoke kindly.

Relieved at seeing him, unnerved by her sudden fear, she did not answer. He came into the room.

"I woke up," he said, "and saw by a ray that penetrated through the keyhole that your room was still lighted. Why are you still up? In an hour or so it will be beginning to get light."

Then he saw the letters in her lap. A flash of memory reminded him of all that had passed between them, for, in his surprise, he had at first forgotten.

"I had no inclination to sleep," said Margaret, recovering control of her thoughts.

He looked down at the letters. He remembered that he had gone to sleep thinking how necessary it was to be firm. For a moment, it occurred to him to be angry about those letters, for he saw the addresses and understood.

"So you are selling out your investments," he said coldly, "to waste your money in fighting your husband. For that's what it comes to."

She looked at him, wearily.

"Haven't we talked it all out?" she asked.

Then it was that Cosway relented. He saw that his wife's face was drawn and shrunken. In a few hours she seemed to have grown older. After all, there was something natural in her wish to help the strikers. A woman's pity is easily enlisted. Moreover, though he sometimes forgot it, he loved his wife. He was proud of her beauty. How often she had been in his arms; how often he had fondled her hair; how much joy they had both known in their intimate life together! It all came back to him as he stood there beside her, they two alone together in the night-silence.

He bent down suddenly and took the letters, before she could intercept him.

"What are you doing?" she demanded.

She met his gaze. To her intense amazement, it was not hard and cold—but gentle.

"May I burn them?" he asked.

She did not understand him, yet, hardly before she knew it was there, a little tremulous joy was beginning to creep into her heart.

"Let me burn them, Maggie," he persisted.

He had made up his mind now. He was going to save their happiness. Their life together was not going to be destroyed. He had been hard towards her—he saw it now. He recalled how she had sought to make peace when he left her two hours before. He was sorry if he had been harsh to her. It might even be possible to allow her to help the women and children.

She was holding out her hand, however, for the letters.

He gave them to her.

"Maggie," he said. "I have been hard towards you. You were right. There shall not be any starvation in Milcroft. I will work with you, so that the worst cases are helped."

She hardly knew what to think. But she got up and kissed him. She was not prepared for the eagerness with which his arms closed round her.

The letters fell to the ground and were forgotten.

EDWARD CECIL.

"Bystander Everywhere" Competition (FOURTEENTH SERIES)

(A Prize of 10s. 6d. has been awarded to the senders of each of these photographs. Full particulars of the Competition will be found on page xii.)

"The Bystander" at Hamlet's Grave

Three Danish "Bystanders" reading the paper at Hamlet's grave, Elsinore, Denmark. *Sent by Mr. Johann Rink, Elsinore, Denmark*

"The Bystander" in Japan

A Japanese subscriber and his wife and child, taken at Shinigoshi, Kobe, Japan. *Sent by Miss Crosse, c/o Mr. C. N. Crosse, Kobe, Japan*

Over an Abyss: "The Bystander" in Badlands, Montana

The photograph shows a lady in a divided skirt reading the paper on a silicified tree which bridges a wash-out 40 ft. from the ground. This natural bridge is one of the most remarkable features in a weird Badland range, near the Yellowstone River, Montana. It measures 72 ft. in length and 32 ft. in circumference at the base. The sender and her party discovered this petrified tree by accident when hunting mule-deer, and with the exception of two or three cowboys, its existence is quite unknown. *Sent by Mrs. Evelyn J. Cameron, Eve Ranch, Terry, Montana, U.S.A.*

THE LIBRARY

By VIVIAN CARTER

Books to Order this Week

"Samba." By Herbert Strang. (Hodder and Stoughton: 5s.)
"The Cambridge Apostles." By Mrs. Charles Brookfield. (Pitman: 21s. net.)
"The Memoirs of H.R.H. George, Duke of Cambridge." 2 vols. Edited by Edgar Sheppard. (Longmans: 24s. net.)
"Ten Years of Motors and Motor Racing." By Charles Jarrott. (Grant Richards: 12s. 6d. net.)
"Davray's Affairs." By Reginald Turner. (Greening: 6s.),
"Father Felix's Chronicles." By Nora Chesson. (Fisher Unwin: 6s.)

Royal Memoirs

Simultaneously with the strong meat of the Hohenlohe Memoirs, of which all the world and his wife have been the recent reviewers, come two or three less important books of the same class—viz., Royal autobiographies. I always await these issues with interest. After all, the tit-bits, no matter how trivial, of the autobiography of a Royal personage are of interest as a reminder of the extent to which history is coloured, and its harsh lines softened, by the touch of human nature.

"George" on "C.-B."

In this connection, therefore, there is a pathetic interest about the *Memoirs* (just issued by Messrs. Longmans: 24s. net) *of H.R.H. George, Duke of Cambridge*, edited by Dr. Edgar Sheppard, C.V.O. The Duke's service to his country as Commander-in-Chief is chiefly remembered by his callous countrymen for his relinquishment of it, and if the average man were asked to name the most notable episode of his career, he would at once say, "his retirement." It will, I doubt not, be to the late Duke's comments on that event that the casual reader will eagerly turn first, to learn what the Duke might have to say about the man who brought it about, *i.e.* Sir Henry (then Mr.) Campbell-Bannerman. But the Duke's published comment is mild :—

May 19 (1895).—Had a lengthened conversation with Campbell-Bannerman on a wish expressed that I should, before the end of this year, retire from my command of the Army, with a view to great changes being made at the War Office. The decision has filled me with the very deepest sorrow, as I still feel quite equal to the performance of my duties. . . . I own that I am disgusted with this, to my mind, quite unjustifiable proceeding, though Mr. C.-B. was most amiable in all he said.

It is quaint to put, side by side with this, Sir Henry's own account of the matter, extracted from his speech in the House on the occasion of the Duke's death :—

I may, perhaps, refer to the fact that it was while I was Secretary of State that *he came to the conclusion that he ought to relinquish the high position he held.*

Which is, as it were, putting it somewhat differently.

Photo Keturah Collings

Princess Henry of Battenberg

Who is shortly bringing out a book on the Isle of Wight

A Genial Royal Observer

As to the memoirs preceding this episode, they form a pleasing record of the military and political events of the Victorian era as superficially observed by a genial, but not very profound, participant. It is undeniably fascinating to see the C.-in-C. record the following as consecutive events :—

Heard to-day of the fall of Plevna. . . . Mary, alas, has got the measles.

Or to read the colossal piece of information that—

We heard last night the cheering intelligence from Berlin that the dear Princess Royal had at 3 o'clock yesterday been confined of a son and heir. It is a great source of joy, both in England and Germany"—

the reference being, of course to the *début* of Wilhelm II. of all the Germanies. It is, again, delicious to breathe an atmosphere wherein their present Majesties are familiarly referred to as "Bertie and Alix," where one reads of the "Wales's" and the "Lornes," and of "Fritz Hessen" and "Ernest Coburg," as though, for all the world, Royal personages were just ordinary untitled beings. A chatty, pleasant book, with, as said above, one grand tragic situation.

Father Benson's Modern Novel

Father Hugh Benson has, for the nonce, strayed from the track of historical fiction, and essayed, with no small success, a story of modern life and manners. In *The Sentimentalists* (Pitman: 6s.) it is easy to see that Father Benson is not "at home" with the modern method, but his charm, on that account, is none the less. On the contrary, it is the greater, for one is not always at one's best "at home." The little crudities of narration forgiven, we have here one of the most delightful studies in personality—Chris Dell. The author confesses that, in this graceful, eccentric, moody dandy-vagabond, who is rescued from destitution by the Roman priest, Dick Yolland, and piloted through polite society, he has plagiarised life—that Chris Dell is a real character. In spite, however, of this serious disqualification, his success as a character of fiction is considerable, and I recommend everybody to make his acquaintance—in the book—at once.

A Story of the Congo Rubber Slaves

It is good to come across a *conscientious* boys' story, in which the author does not disdain literary form and finish, nor disregard plausibility in quest of sensational effect, and this is found in Mr. Herbert Strang's *Samba* (Hodder: 5*s*.). Long enough has it been an axiom with the literary fraternity that any kind of twaddle is good enough for boy readers, provided always that it is sensational, and that the "action" is never made to flag in satisfaction of mere dull literary requirements. In fact, I know men who openly boast of large, regular incomes, derived from exuding this kind of balderdash to unscrupulous publishers of errand-boy literature. The lack of desire to educate or to edify youth is openly paraded by these scribblers (whose pen-names are, invariably, assumed lest their offences be laid socially to their charge), and their commercial morality is on a plane with that of the man who poisons youthful bodies with ice-cream and cheap and nasty cigarettes. The men, furthermore, to whom I refer are not, as might be supposed, out-at-elbow Fleet Street hacks, but are, in many cases, men of education, who, on their ill-gotten proceeds, are able to live in the country and pose as men of leisure. The advent of a writer of the Henty species, who combines a really fine style with the needed wealth of incident, and who, while never dull, is genuinely accurate as to the ethnology of his savages, the zoology of his beasts, the geography of their *locale*, and, in fact, to the "ology" of the "osophy" of everything he touches, is exceedingly welcome. Incidentally, *Samba*, being a story of adventure in that much-talked-of region, the Congo, is, as likely as not, to be useful as an aid to current historical knowledge, as well as of interest in a narrative sense.

Photo *Dover Street Studios*

Mr. W. J. Locke

A new portrait of the successful author of the "Morals of Marcus Ordeyne" and "The Beloved Vagabond"

What is Proper?

I am reminded once again of the eternal controversy of "propriety" in literature, this time by *A Boy's Marriage*, by Hugh Selincourt (John Lane: 6*s*.). The issue of this story—I believe the author's first novel—is that of a young man marrying "for love," but discovering that his wife bears towards him what one may call an emotional antipathy which ultimately repulses him, finally bringing about his defection from her, and his subsequent demoralisation through association with a woman of "another sphere." The story is charmingly written, and well characterised, and altogether readable. Was there not, however, in the past summer, published by Mr. John Long, a story entitled "Mr. and Mrs. Villiers," founded on this identical theme, and was this not condemned by the *Daily Mail* as a subject unfit for literary treatment; and was it not Mr. John Lane, the identical publisher of *A Boy's Marriage*, who somewhat heatedly repudiated the suggestion that *he* was the "J. L." who had given out the nauseous volume? Those concerned in the matter may make what capital they please out of this seeming inconsistency. Personally, I think I see Mr. Lane's standpoint in the matter. He repudiated "Mr. and Mrs. Villiers," probably not because it had this particular subject as its theme, but because the author, Hubert Wales, avowedly wrote it as propaganda and not as a work of art. Mr. Wales was airing a grievance—he was not telling a story for the story's sake; and when authors of books and plays (as Mr. Shaw himself discovered with "Mrs. Warren's Profession") make art the mere vehicle of agitation, then, be sure, the public will, if they dare trench on questions of sex, call them "improper." I complain of this not at all, being one who would rejoice at the elimination of moral purpose from art in all its forms, even if, in order to do so, one finds oneself in this case the ally of the Stigginses and the MacAdoos. V. C.

Christmas Numbers

Lovers of Christmas Numbers always look forward to that of the *Graphic*, and this year they have no reason to complain of the fare provided for them. Besides clever stories this year by J. H. Knight Adkin, Arnold Bennett, Mrs. Stepney Rawson, etc., and amusing pictures, there are two admirable coloured supplements, "The Charge of the Light Brigade" and "I Do Believe in Fairies."

Ladies always look forward to the Special Number of the *Queen* issued in December, and this year its contents are as interesting and as instructive—from the point of view of the Christmas purchaser—as ever. With every copy is presented a beautiful Rembrandt Gravure Reproduction of "A Skipping Match," by Arthur J. Elsey.

The Sporting and Dramatic News still issues its Christmas Number under the title, "Holly Leaves," and its supplement is a magnificent picture, "Scotland for Ever," which is well worth framing.

The Magazines

Among the magazines, the Christmas Number of *Cassell's* would take a lot of beating. It contains stories by Mrs. C. N. Williamson, Mr. Pett Ridge, Mr. A. E. W. Mason, Mr. Morley Roberts, and Mr. Frank Richardson, as well as a contribution by Sir A. Conan Doyle. Particularly happy is the series of humorous coloured plates, "Easy French Exercises," by G. L. Stampa, whose work readers of THE BYSTANDER already know. From the same firm also come the excellent Christmas Numbers of those hardy annuals, the *Quiver* and *Little Folks*. With each of these productions a suitable and charming plate is given away.

The well-known ladies' magazine, the *Boudoir*, is also well worthy of attention. Besides several of the beautiful "Boudoir Photographic Studies," there are interesting articles on "Woman in Her Workshop," "The Home de Luxe," "Social Life in Rome," etc., as well as eminently readable fashion articles, illustrated by photographs. The whole production is most artistic and pleasing.

A Christmas Number which doubles its size, but is only priced at sixpence, is the *London*, which is an altogether excellent number. There are stories by S. R. Crockett and Cutcliffe Hyne, an interesting article by Miss Ellen Terry on "Some Christmas Memories," while the inimitable Mr. Harry Furniss contributes "Prophecy in Portraiture."

Golf Notes and Notions

The Commercial Danger

I touched very lightly in my last article on certain disquieting aspects of the recent foursome. It is a fact within the knowledge of most golfers that two of the players in this match were not playing for their own money, and that they were, in a sense, only pawns in the hands of those who were backing them. In a minor degree the same fact applies to the great International foursome, where both sides were, unless I am mistaken, playing for wagers not made by themselves. We are, therefore, confronted with the question whether matches such as these, which must inevitably tend to debase golf matches to the level of a raree-show, are in the best interests of the game. I do not think it needs much reflection to show that the best interests of the game are not served by such matches. Outside interests are much more involved in them than those of the players themselves. In the most recent case we have an example of a paper setting the match afoot, and though I would not for a moment assert that the particular paper in question had anything but a genuine desire to promote an interesting encounter and to give two young players a chance of proving their mettle, still, the example thus set may be followed by less worthy imitators purely for advertisement purposes, and more for the benefit of the circulation of the paper than for the interests either of the players or of the game.

Gate-Money

We are further threatened with the danger of the gate-money element through the example set by the Timperley Club. Here again the motives may have been—nay, no doubt were—excellent, and the purposes to which the money receipts were applied were quite admirable. But we have no guarantee that other clubs may not plead the example of the Timperley Club as an excuse for promoting a match between prominent professionals for the sake of gate-money, to be devoted, not, as in the case of the Timperley Club, to charitable purposes, but to aiding the finances of the club, or to some other purely commercial end connected with the club. We have only to look at the debasing effect which gate-money has worked on football to see what a grave danger golf might be exposed to if a similar octopus fastened itself on our game. Hitherto, happily, golf has been singularly free from any taint of this kind, and it is for the purpose of averting any possible danger of this sort that I am writing as strongly as I do.

The Danger to Professionals

I hold, further, that it is most unfair to tempt the professionals in this way. I am the last person in the world to wish to interfere with anything that may increase the prosperity and the earnings of professionals, but I am beginning to ask myself (and I expect many others are doing the same) whether it will pay great clubs to attach prominent professionals to them in an official capacity at a fine salary if most of their time is to be occupied away from their proper duties in these exhibition matches, of which the name is legion? I think it is time that new clubs called a halt in this respect, and that it would be better for the professionals, as a class, in the end if their Committees were to follow the example of the Horsham club, who invited two leading amateurs to play an exhibition match at the opening of their course, instead of calling away two or three prominent professionals from their official duties for that purpose. There are so many competitions for professionals throughout the country, such as the *News of the World* tournament and many others of the same generous and admirable kind, that I do not think the interests of professionals would be hurt if they were allowed more time to devote to their proper duties and businesses in the intervals between these competitions.

The Circus Element

We do not want the circus element to intrude itself into the sacred domains of golf. But if we are not very careful we shall soon find ourselves on the slippery slope, and as we know *facilis descensus Averno est: sed revocare gradum superasque evadere ad auras, hoc opus, hic labor est.* How near we are approaching this slippery slope was forcibly borne in on me at Walton Heath by the character and behaviour of the crowd which had come to see what was evidently to them a raree-show, and which cared nothing for the comfort of the players or the interests of the match in its selfish desire to secure a close view of the entertainment. I trust, therefore, we may have a cessation of these exhibition matches, and that golfers, whether professionals or amateurs, may be allowed to pursue their sport without the unhealthy excitement engendered by Press-promoted matches and the inevitably corrupting taint of gate-money.

ERNEST LEHMANN.

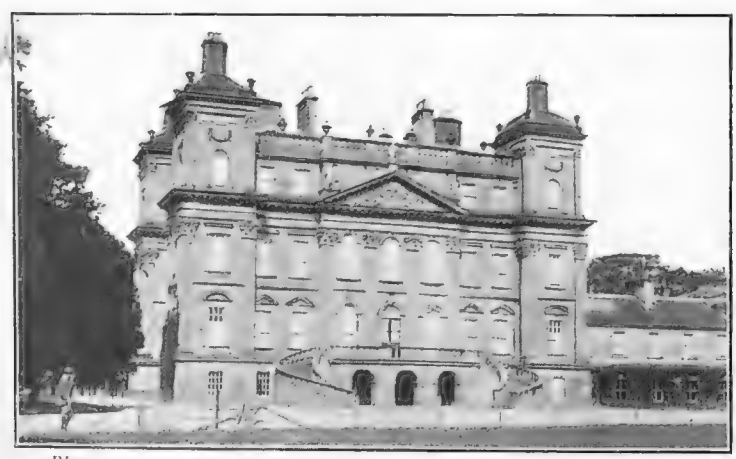


Photo *Lyddon*

Duff House, the Duke of Fife's gift to Banff and Macduff

The Duke of Fife has made a princely gift to the municipalities of Banff and Macduff in the shape of his splendid residence, Duff House, with the park adjoining, for the use of the public

England v. South Africa: A Tight Match

No one, I suppose, except those actually engaged, could gauge with accuracy the extent of the difficulties which the two teams had to contend against at the Crystal Palace last Saturday. But the conditions were obviously pretty bad, and under those conditions it was a good game, though by no means a great one. Had either side been able to rise superior to those conditions, it might have been a great game; but no one ever did, and, moreover, there was plenty of bad play with which the conditions had nothing to do. There was a marked difference in the ends, owing to the wind and fine driving rain, and South Africa had the best end to start with. During the first twenty minutes or so they were attacking almost incessantly, and if their left wing had used their opportunities, they would have scored several times, for he English defence during his period struck me as lecidedly shaky. Then, just hen things were beginning o look a bit more hopeful or England, the Springboks ained their try through a nistake by Jackett, who ailed to field a long kick. He tried hard to retrieve his rror, but was knocked over (and for a while knocked out) in the rush, and Millar touched down.

Saturday's Great Match: The toss up

The rival captains: V. Cartwright (England—left) and P. Roos (South Africa—right). The match, played at the Crystal Palace on Saturday, in rough and rainy weather, resulted in a draw (1 try each)

—And a Fitting Conclusion

England's chance came in the second half, and it was increased by the disablement of W. S. Morkel, who had to be carried off; but they, too, only managed to score once. The movement was started by Stoop, who was collared in the act of passing; but two or three forwards took the ball on, getting the best of a loose scramble, and finally Brooks dashed up, kicked it over, and fell on it. But there were several other attacks which only just failed. Shewring put in a fine run (just when Morkel was injured), but wound up with a faulty pass; Brooks overran the ball when he would have had a clear run in if he could have kept it; and Stoop made what was, perhaps, the cleverest run of the day, for he had dodged the three-quarter line and drawn Marsburg before sending an accurate pass to Brooks, who let it slip clean through his fingers. The forwards, too, twice dribbled over, but the first time Marsburg kicked the ball dead, and the second it was ordered back for something which I failed to see. There was, moreover, at least one other occasion on which an apparently good "mark" was not given. On the whole, then, England had quite as much the better of the game in the second half as South Africa had in the first. It would be very hard to say which was the better team on the day's play, and a draw was about as fitting a result as could possibly be arrived at. Undoubtedly, the weak point on our side was the kicking.

Three County Hockey Matches

One of the most noteworthy events in hockey last week was the defeat of Middlesex by Essex at Brentwood, on Wednesday, by 3 goals to 1. Despite the fact that Middlesex were without their two best left wing forwards, Eric Green and H. A. Webber, and that two of the Essex goals were just a shade lucky, the win was a distinct achievement on the part of the youngest of the County Associations, for, as I have already had occasion to remark, the strength of the Middlesex defence is undeniable. The Essex forwards were a good, level lot, and combined well, the halves were well above the average, and R. P. Keigwin, one of the many fine all-round athletes that Cambridge has given us of late years, performed prodigies of valour in goal. On the same day Surrey, playing four out of their five possible International forwards, gained an easy victory by 6 goals to nil against Kent at Croydon. Kent are just as weak forward as Surrey are strong; and, having failed signally in this department both against Essex and Middlesex, they tried four new men; but the experiment was not conspicuously successful, mainly because the new men were overburdened with the weight of their responsibilities, and, consequently, failed to do themselves justice. But on the following day, at Surbiton, the redoubtable Surrey ladies' team found themselves in a tight place, for the Warwickshire ladies, after being two down to them at half-time, had all the best of the second half, and managed to make a draw of 3 goals all.

Automobile Topics.

By DOUGLAS MILLER

France and England

At the moment of writing I have not had an opportunity of inspecting this year's exhibition of automobiles at the Paris *Salon*, opened by President Fallières on December 7. A friend who resides in the gay city has, however, favoured me with some observations on the Show, which I hope to be able to verify during the current week. My correspondent is highly eulogistic on the pleasing nature of the decorations and the artistic effect produced by the illuminations of buildings, stands, and approaches. The Champs-Elysées from the Place de la Concorde to the Rond Point and the Avenue Alexandre III., from the Champs Elysées to the Esplanade des Invalides, form a great illuminated "T," having the Grand Palais at its junction. Commercial vehicles are this year housed in the Annexe, a huge wooden structure situated at the base of the letter above mentioned. It is gratifying to know that *l'entente cordiale* has so far prevailed in the allocation of space that the foreign Continental exhibitors occupy prominent positions around the central staircase, the centre of the section being opposite the main entrance from the Avenue Alexandre III. Mercédès, F.I.A.T., Germain, Martini, and Pipe exhibits are very well placed, but in view of the keen rivalry now existing between France and England, it is significant that the British exhibitors are relegated to somewhat more obscure corners. The Daimler Company are at Stand 111, in the rear gallery of the main hall, while the Argyll stand is also upstairs, to the right of the central staircase. Enfield, Minerva, and Standard cars may be seen near by, the British exhibits thus forming a little colony by themselves. There can be no doubt that the recent representative Show at Olympia has materially discounted the importance of the Paris *Salon*, and this our cordial neighbours appear to realise. England is undoubtedly the most formidable rival in motor construction that France has yet encountered, and bids fair before long to outstrip her altogether. It is, therefore, only natural that no undue advantage should be accorded to manufacturers from this side of the Channel, our homely proverb that "competition is the life of trade" being but indifferently appreciated by our French neighbours.

Car-icatures: V.—Mr. Harvey Du Cros, M.P.

Who, besides being one of the foremost figures in automobilism, is Chairman of the Dunlop Tyre Company

(By Alick P. F. Ritchie)

* * *

Winter Quarters

Many motorists make a practice of garaging their cars for three or four months every winter. This, I think, is a mistake, because, apart from the fact that favourable opportunities of taking a pleasant run are frequently missed, there is no question that an occasional outing in even the worst weather does much to minimise depreciation of the car. Of course, the great point is to keep the car clean; and, apropos of the suggestions thrown out in The Bystander last week, a correspondent writes that for winter use he has provided a change set of mud-guards and wings much wider and deeper than his summer suit, and, as his car is somewhat old-fashioned he has constructed a leather under-shield which effectively protects engine and gears from the mud and dirt of the road. Recently I made a most enjoyable trip on an 18 h.-p. Regent, which has been running continuously for the last eight months. The "going" was none too good, as there had been a lot of rain, but the air was keen and bracing, and the sun did its best to brighten the landscape. There is quite a distinctive charm about winter motoring. Roads and districts, stripped of the foliage of summer and autumn, present an unfamiliar aspect to the automobilist who knows them only in the earlier seasons of the year, but if the attractions of nature are inferior, consolation may be found in the fact that one meets less obstruction on the road, and that in the main a wider scope is open to the view. On the occasion I refer to, the Regent—a four-cylinder car—carried us gaily through roads which, in places, resembled miniature lakes, and up hills, difficult enough in dry weather, with never a murmur of discontent, and at the conclusion of the day's run I was greatly impressed by the

THE METROSTYLE PIANOLA.

A CHRISTMAS PURCHASE FOR THE HOME.

THERE is no more fitting time to decide upon the purchase of a Pianola than the present. Music is welcome at all times, but never more so than during the long winter evenings, when one is dependent for amusement on the resources of the home.

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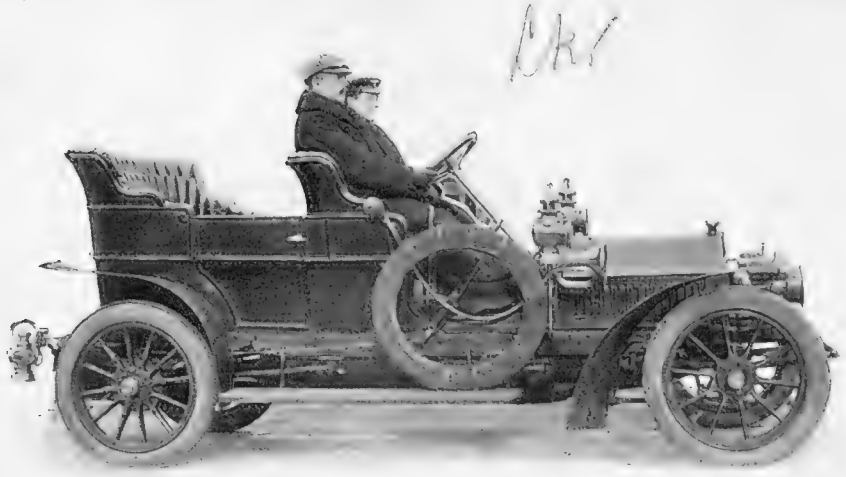

Mr. Harry T. Vane on an 18 h.-p. Regent car

cleanliness of the car, owing to the effective manner in which the parts were protected. Decidedly, I think the motorist who foregoes the delights of winter travel is ill-advised.

* * *

Scottish Limits

Whether or not it is on account of the teeming infantile populations, or because of a tendency on the part of adults to stray all over the roadways, I am unable to say, but certain it is that a large number of townships and villages in Scotland, more particularly in the mining districts of the South and West, have applied for and obtained the ten miles' limit. Of late, the police have been very active in the enforcing of the regulation, and fines have been frequent. It behoves motorists, therefore, to exercise all due caution, particularly when travelling in Ayrshire and Lanarkshire.

* * *

Miscellanea

At Bardow Mill, near Haltwhistle, in Northumberland, a police trap is in daily operation.—"We have agreed that I shall select the top and my husband the bottom," said a lady, when looking over a stand at Olympia.—To prevent freezing of the carburettor, particularly when it is below the engine and exposed to the rush of cold air under the car, a piece of zinc or sheet tin should be fixed, so as to form a screen.—The amount of clerical work entailed in the rearrangement of the capital of the Dunlop Company is so great that the issue of the directors' report and balance-sheet will be delayed until January.—At the Empire City Track, New York, the Hon. C. S. Rolls recently won a five miles race for cars of under 25 h.-p. on a duplicate of the machine which won this year's Tourist Trophy Race, the time being 5min. 51 4-5sec., the fastest mile being covered in 1min. 7 2-5sec.

A Woman's Note Book

The Art of Buying Presents

In spite of the bad times of the last few years, Christmas shop windows present even a gayer appearance than ever in the past; and it speaks volumes for the kindliness of rich and poor, that whatever economies they are obliged to practise in daily life, these do not enter into their present choosing programme, for the graceful habit of remembrance at Christmas is increasing rather than diminishing. It requires a talent, almost a genius, to understand the art of gift choosing, and even then a good deal of tact is necessary to the *presenting* after an actual choice has been made. It is sad that few possess this same genius; nevertheless, it is a great thing that the failures don't know themselves as such, for then *somebody* is pleased.

Versatility Wanted

Only a very sympathetic person can make a suitable list of presents for, we will say, twenty friends; but then it must be a very versatile person as well. For instance, if you are a bookworm by nature, it is the simplest thing in the world to find a congenial task in choosing something to suit Susan's sombre taste in philosophy, but, unfortunately, quite as easy to feel callous about Norah's preference for ribbons; so you send Norah something or other rather more flippant than moral reflections, but not nearly so attractive, in her eyes, as a ribbon, and, of course, she hates it. If you can begin on an india-rubber doll with a squeak, and ascend gradually to the work of some thinker who has left his writing for mankind, feeling the same enthusiasm for these two things, and all the intermediate stages, then you have a shopping genius; but it is a difficult path to climb, demanding much labour, and not a little sacrifice of prejudice and violent personality on the way; and it ends by the giver losing much of the pleasure which the recipient gains.

A Symphathetic Donor

The sympathetic person is diffident and sensitive on a thousand points where other people's preferences are concerned; and though he finds it easy to put himself in another's place, the complications opened by a widened view make him uncertain whether he has done so satisfactorily. Yet, after all, there is much compensation in the interest afforded by a peep into this miniature world presented through the varying tastes of our friends. Character is shown greatly in likings, not only towards persons, but also towards things. The happy-go-lucky shopper who provides incongruous gifts for his acquaintances, chosen entirely by the light of his own prejudices, may have a *jollier* time of it, as most mediocre people probably do, but he has failed to make an art of his pastime, though in reality it has possibilities of being made such a thing.

LADY PHYLLIS.

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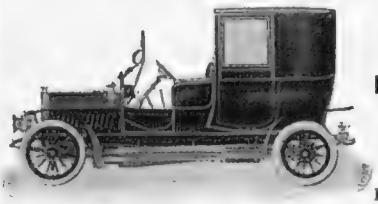

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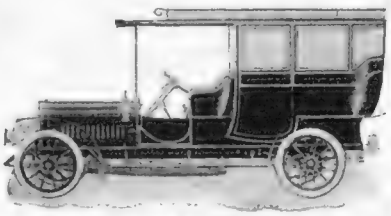

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RACING NOTIONS

THE KING AND STEEPLECHASING. BY CARBINE

His Majesty's Interest in the Sport

Twenty-six years ago the King won his first race. This happened to be a steeplechase at Aldershot, and since then His Majesty has kept a warm corner in his heart for the winter sport. But his interest goes back even further, for it is said that in his younger days the King was keen to ride a winner across country. We know, indeed, that he was always fond of hunting, and in his Oxford days and later he could hold his own in a quick gallop with hounds. But there were obvious reasons why the Royal neck should not be risked in steeplechases, and so, whatever his ambitions in this direction may have been, we were never destined to see him riding in a point-to-point or hunt steeplechase. But many followers of the Grafton and Pytchley and other packs will recall how well he went to hounds. His pilot on one occasion told with much enthusiasm how the then Prince of Wales had fearlessly cleared timber and water, getting over one awkward place which brought down Lord Royston (afterwards Lord Hardwicke) and other good riders.

Nulli Secundus

All this goes to explain His Majesty's present interest in cross-country sport, and, not long ago, he declared that one of the proudest days of his life was when he won the Liverpool Grand National with Ambush II. The King seldom misses an Aintree Meeting in the Spring, and he is just as anxious to win another Grand National as he is to lead in his third Derby winner. His Majesty is still anxious to have one or two good jumpers in training, and I hear that he is much gratified by the recent successes of Nulli Secundus. This colt was a fearful disappointment on the flat, and it is at least satisfactory to know that he is now earning something towards his keep. Anyone who imagines, however, that the King has, at last, got another National horse is likely to be disillusioned, for, if I am any judge of hurdle-racing, Nulli Secundus will not live up to his name when he comes against really good jumpers. True, he has not yet been beaten over hurdles, but his last display was slovenly.

Stables Now in Form

Time was when to follow Coulthwaite was regarded as a sure road to wealth in National Hunt racing, but the Hednesford trainer no longer carries all before him. Hartigan seems to be the man to follow just now, and Moran is doing best among the jockeys. Gore's stable is also formidable, and the burly Hallick is showing that he is just as good at preparing jumpers as in training fliers on the flat. At Delamere Forest, too, Maher's establishment shelters some smart performers, and one of them, Mr. Clyde's Cinders, is likely to go on winning until the handicappers break her back with weight. One of the drawbacks to National Hunt racing is that there are so few weight-for-age races worth going for. The consequence is that when a smart performer comes along, his owner must enter for the handicaps, and the horse has perpetually to struggle under such weights as 12 st. 7 lb. and 13 st.

A Smart Jumper

Cinders is apparently one of the most promising jumpers at present in training. At Haydock Park they backed her as if the race was all over, and she easily justified the confidence. At Birmingham last week she carried a big penalty, but was strongly supported all the same, and she won just as comfortably as before. It is a pleasure to welcome such an addition as this smart five-year-old to the steeplechasing ranks. This week we are under the disadvantage of writing prior to the Sandown Park meeting, but there seemed every chance of the popular gathering achieving that success which it rarely misses. This week-end the scene is changed to Lingfield Park, where on Friday **Crepuscule** may win the Winter Hurdle Handicap; **Witney** may secure the Stewards' Steeplechase; and I expect the best of **Hartigan's** pair to take the Ashdown Plate.

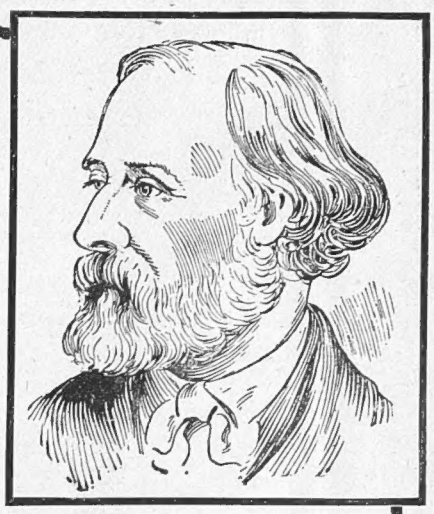
Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

Kempton Park Races: A striking snapshot of R. Morgan's nasty fall

R. Morgan had a nasty accident while riding Mr. C. R. Hodgson's Vibrant in th Middlesex Steeplechase Handicap last week, as this unique snapshot testifies

A Modern Tantalus.

"I once travelled from London to Manchester with an inveterate smoker, who had neglected to provide himself with lucifers, and was unable to supply his want during the entire journey. The melancholy of his visage as he regarded his pipe and tobacco impressed me deeply. Never before did I realise how great a misery is near but unapproachable happiness."—*Charles Reade.*



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BORD'S PIANOS.—Illustrated Lists will be sent free, showing prices and rates of hire, on the Three Years' System, from 15*s.* per month. Second-hand, from 10*s.* 6*d.* per month.

BECHSTEIN PIANOS.—May also be had on the same System, at advantageous prices and terms. Pianos exchanged.

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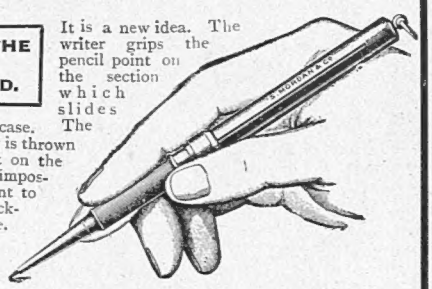
LOOK AT THE PENCIL ILLUSTRATED.

It is a new idea. The writer grips the pencil point on the section which slides from the main case. The weight of writing is thrown on the point, not on the outer case. It is impossible for this point to slip or to work backwards into the case. Think it over; it's a very ingenious idea in pencil cases.



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Pencil Case as illustrated, in silver, **7/6**; in gold, with Morocco case, **42/**, and reserve of refill leads with every pencil. Ask your jeweller or stationer for them, or write for Illustrated Booklet, post free, from—

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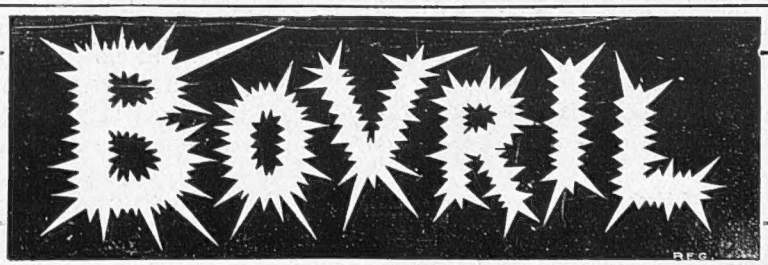

Repels Influenza.

FROCKS ◇ FRILLS ◇ AND FURBELOWS ◇

By Mrs. JACK MAY

Fates cast my lines for a few days during the past week at Worthing, hopefully predicted by some as the future Riviera of England. Although scarcely Riviera weather when I was there, still the sun shone on every available opportunity, and there was a brightness and a lightness in the air that sent me back to London gloom in that beautiful Christian spirit which makes the best of everything. Grumblers are really very intolerable at all times, mere cumberers of the earth, who waste their own time and everybody else's with their cavillings, and who would, of a truth, be better chloroformed into a better world. And at Christmas-time grumbling becomes positively criminal, and that is all about it. If it so chance that you are not possessed of any children of your own, then go out into the highways and byways, and gather unto yourselves some of these cheery young optimists and do the festive season in the good old traditional fashion.

But where, in the name of wonder, am I wandering? The air of the future English Riviera has surely got a little into my head. Ere closing, however, if the editorial eye will permit it, I should like to say a word of the great comfort found at the Burlington Hotel. With no outward pretensions, such as a "Mecca for motorists," tea-lounge and the like, the Burlington makes for ease and the cooking for digestion and enjoyment.

A restaurant toilette of black spot net and lace over ivory

AN ORIGINAL SKETCH BY K. PLEYDEL YOUNG

Restaurant Dining and Dressing

I have recently related how Paris has got one of its characteristic crazes about net; and, keeping a watchful eye open over here, I am delighted to report that the vogue has drifted quickly across the Channel, and the net restaurant toilette has got quite a vogue here already. I counted at least five within visible range at the Ritz the other evening, where, by the way—you must please forgive my discursiveness—I succumbed before an ice eaten with hot cherries. None of the designs, though, came within measurable distance of the original one sketched by Miss Pleydel Young, which simply overflows with fresh suggestion and detail. The coat *mouvement* of spot net, embroidered in dull gold and silver, and outlined with black ribbon velvet, is particularly distinguished, and falls over a flounce of lace, which, in its turn, is mounted over chiffon and silk. The little under-blouse is of ecru lace, the bolero of net and velvet carrying on the line of the *tablier*, this bolero throwing back with large square revers, while in front, above a swathed belt of palest gold tissue, there is worn one of those black wire poppies, picked out with paste, or diamonds, according to the depth of your pocket. The hat, of course, is an essentially

There is nothing that will renew a tired man or woman, make him or her ready to "begin again," so much as a bath to which has been added about a tablespoonful of

Colman's
D. S. F.
Mustard

Have you tried it?

Reg. S.H.B.

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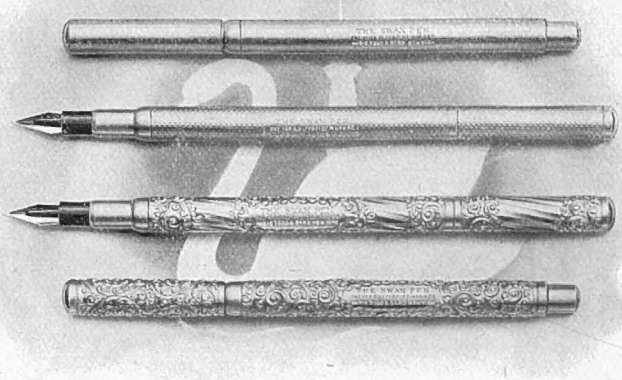

Some "Swan" fountain pens suitable for presents

Parisian feature, and illustrates the still popular mushroom droop, in white silk beaver, the crown massed with one of those mysterious feather mounts that fascinate by reason of their extraordinary multiplicity of charms.

Morrell's Christmas Toys

A Christmas without a visit to Charles Morrell's, 368-370, Oxford Street, would be an exceedingly poor sort of a show indeed. For Mr. Morrell has studied the absorbing toy question until he has brought it up to a fine art, and he knows to a nicety the toys that will find their way to juvenile hearts.

It is a well-known fact that Charles Morrell makes a big speciality of trains and everything pertaining thereto, such as shunting-stations, engine-houses, tunnels, platforms, bridges, etc. A startling novelty is an electric train, worked by means of an accumulator; and there is also an electric boat, a toy of perfect realism.

The soft wool animals, almost as large as life, and twice as natural, are well to the fore, and include a bulldog, muzzled, a fearsomely lovely beast, and a bear, that it is difficult to believe does not roar—if bears, by the way, do roar. And the dolls are a perfect sight, the very best productions, and, once again be it said, English dressed.

Dolls' basinettes, trimmed and untrimmed, brass bedsteads, wardrobes, trousseaux boxes, dolls' houses, perambulators, in a word, all and everything dear to the heart of the small feminine. And games there are without number, the very latest and most exclusive being entitled Drum Puff. As my descriptive powers are scarcely equal to divulging the nature of this, I must beg you to take my word for it that, for mirth-provoking fun and excitement, Drum Puff has never had a rival.

Fancy Gems

The tendency in jewellery is to follow the Parisian fashion of employing many of the lesser known but beautifully coloured fancy gems. Harrisons have an immense selection, including some of the finest specimens, both mounted and unmounted, so that customers can select the stones and then have them set to any design they prefer.

Chocolate for Christmas

Messrs. Cadbury have issued for Christmas a unique collection of fancy boxes and dainty packages of chaste artistic style, beautiful design, and of permanent worth as ornaments or articles of utility. The range and variety of this charming collection embraces exquisite conceptions in art metal work, embossed leather, satin, silk, and china.

It is hardly necessary for me to refer to the contents of these elegant conceptions, containing as they do chocolate of the very highest quality, of delicate flavour and delightful aroma, delicious, nutritious, wholesome, and pure. I make bold to say that no chocolate is prepared with greater care or under better conditions of purity and cleanliness than that made by Messrs. Cadbury in their "factory in a garden."

For Those Who Write

I have just seen a little booklet of "Swan" Fountain Pens, which should prove of great assistance to the busy Christmas-present shopper. First is given a most useful list of dates showing when cards, letters, and presents, should be posted to reach friends abroad by Christmas. Next comes a list of one's relatives, with a blank space to fill in the present for father, mother, etc., whenever a clever thought may occur to one. Occasion is taken to point out how eminently suitable a "Swan" pen is for each individual relative or friend, and when one stops to think of it, this is very true, a point which comes home to one on turning to a list of suggested articles of every description introduced "For those who never have occasion to write." Now, who can one think of to whom a perfect fountain pen would not be a great convenience and comfort? "Swan" pens are always good, be they 10*s.* 6*d.* or £20 in price, and always prove most acceptable. We cannot offer a better suggestion, therefore, than fix on a "Swan"; but first write for one of these Christmas booklets or a free catalogue to Mabie, Todd and Bard, at either High Holborn, W.C.; Cheapside, E.C.; Regent Street, W.; or 3, Exchange Street, Manchester.

A few of the toys to be seen at Chas. Morrell's, Oxford Street